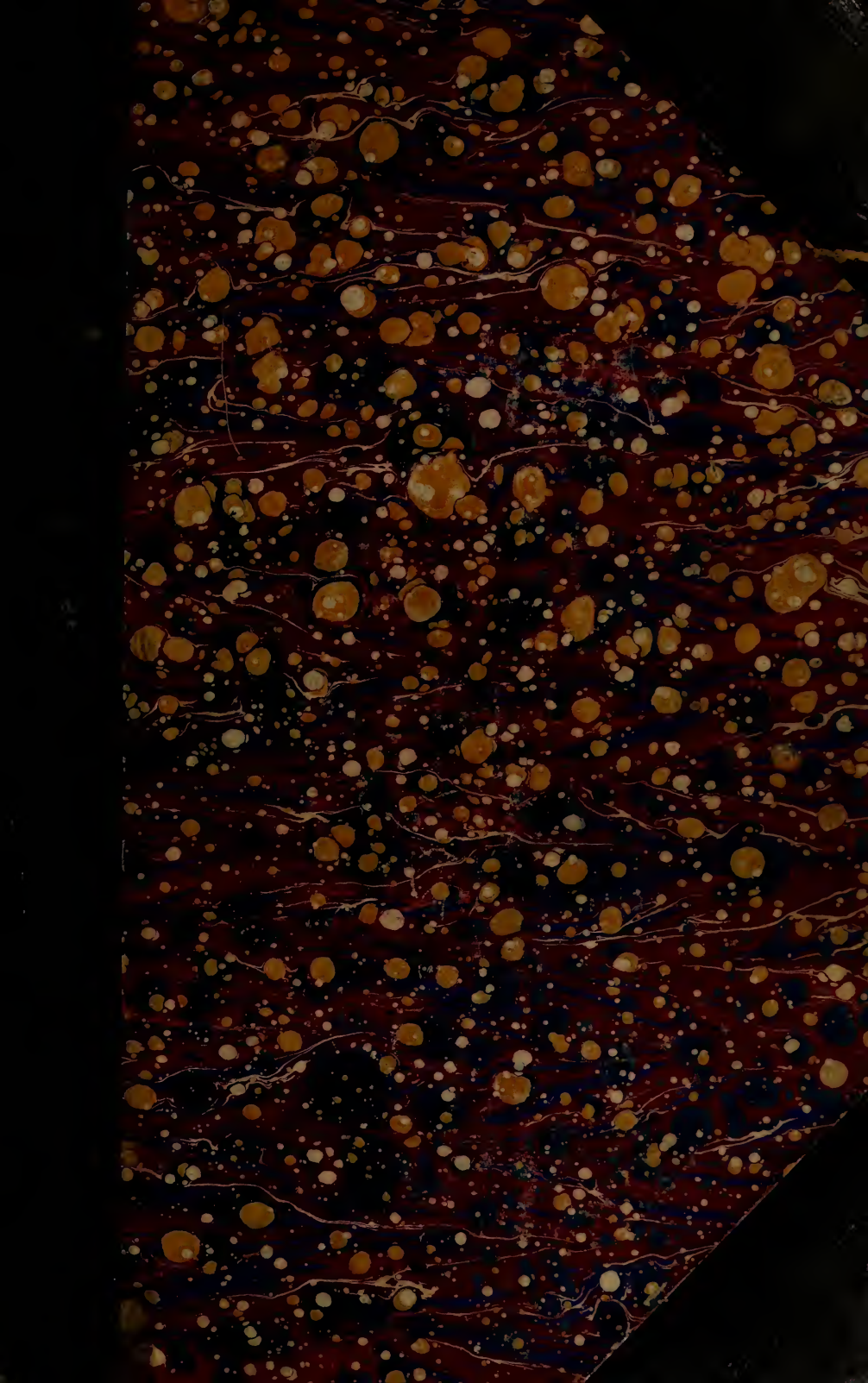

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A. M. D. G.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

A RECORD

Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus in North and South America.

VOL. XVII.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

1888.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XVII, No. 1.

CHAPLAINS FOR THE MEXICAN WAR—1846.

Correspondence.

FR. REY TO FR. MCELROY.

COMARGO, August 16th, 1846.

Rev. dear Father in Christ,

P. C.

I had nearly determined to start this afternoon for Matamoras, to see you once more before marching to Monterey; but as some of the regiments that are here are soon to start for Monterey, several Irish soldiers wish to go to confession before entering the field; hence I thought it would be *ad majorem Dei gloriam* to stay here with them. . . You know, by your own experience, that there is very little to do in Matamoras, hence your absence will not be much felt there, and the army will be large enough to keep us both busy. Should you come here, I would go forward with the first regiments that march, and you would accompany the main army with General Taylor and his staff, and, very likely, be in Monterey before the end of September. There our presence may be very useful for the object of our mission, which is to help our Catholic soldiers, and to endeavor to procure peace and friendship between the two fighting nations. However, I leave the whole matter to your prudent consideration.

I arrived here on Saturday, August the 8th, at 8 P. M., hence I was able to say Mass on the Sunday following, but

privately, having had no occasion to announce my arrival to the soldiers. As I found no tent for me in town, I could not join General Taylor's staff in camp, but got a small room in the house of the pastor of this place, with whom I am on friendly terms. . . I had a very large congregation at Mass to-day. The church, which is built in the shape of a cross, like St. John's at Frederick, is one hundred feet long and is without pews or seats. It was crowded to excess by our soldiers, regulars and volunteers. After Mass, I preached on the Assumption of Our Lady, and finished by ten o'clock. I have chosen nine o'clock for my Mass, as that hour will be most convenient for both parishioners and soldiers so that neither party will interfere with the other. I heard nearly a dozen confessions, and, no doubt, I will hear many more now that all know I am in town. . . The general and his officers are all kindness to me.

FR. MCELROY TO FR. REY.

MATAMORAS, Aug. 18th, 1846.

Dear Father,

No letters since the last I sent you. . . I answered Fr. Provincial's letter. Here are the contents of my letter: (1.) A word about the war. (2.) An account of missionary labors; confessions 22, baptism 1, extreme unctions 2, marriage 1; that we have very few soldiers to attend church on Sundays; that I feel ashamed to be here with so little occupation; were it not for the hospital I would have no employment. (3.) That I advised your going to Comargo, and presumed that several weeks would elapse before the troops would march to Monterey; that I advised you to remain there until receiving his answer as to what would be best for both of us to do, as the sick at this place, at Comargo and at Monterey are to be attended.

FR. REY TO FR. MCELROY.

COMARGO, August 24th, 1846.

Reverend and dear Father in Christ,

P. C.

I received your letters of the 10th and of the 18th of August. I hope you have received mine of the 16th. . . If you do not wish to come with me to Monterey, I think it will be necessary for you to visit this place, where there will be a hospital, a great many sick, and a more or less numer-

ous body of troops. The many steam-boats that go up and down, will afford you an opportunity for your apostolic excursions. . . Since my last, I have administered the sacrament of extreme unction to a Louisiana regular, and re-received into the Church William Paul Watson of the Texan volunteers, formerly a student of Georgetown College. . . I hear daily from two to six confessions, and frequently visit the camp hospitals near the town. The dust of the plaza or square is so great, and the wind blows it in such a quantity into my little room or garret, that I determined to take up my lodgings at headquarters. I shall, to-morrow, pitch my tent in the general's camp. From there to the church, the distance is about the same as from your house to the big church at Matamoras. By-the-bye, if you determine to remain there, could you not do something towards the building of that church? It would certainly be *ad Dei gloriam.*

Two brigades have already left for Monterey; they are marching on the northern side of the St. Juan River, and will wait for the general and his staff seventy miles from here. The third brigade will very likely march with us, or a very little in advance of us. In the plaza we have two companies of dragoons, under the command of Captain Hardey; most of them, I think, are German or Irish. My congregation yesterday, did not exceed two hundred, because the soldiers near the town had left and many others were moving.

FR. MCELROY TO FR. REY.

MATAMORAS, Aug. 25th, 1846.

Rev. dear Father in Christ,

P. C.

Yours of the 16th came to hand yesterday. . . I received a letter from Fr. Dzierozynski, dated Aug. 7th. . . The scholastics are in vacation at Whitemarsh, Bohemia and Conewago; the novices say a pair of beads every week for our mission.

With respect to your going direct to Monterey with the troops, I must leave that, in a great measure, to your own discretion, knowing as you do the circumstances which there exist. I was of opinion that a considerable number of troops would remain at Comargo, and with these, several sick persons, and that in that case your services would be better employed there than in marching slowly with the army; that later, when all would be settled at Monterey, you could

go up in two or three days. These are my ideas; still, as I said, I leave you free to do whatever you think A.M.D.G. From all that I know of the present state of the army, I have concluded to remain here; I could not conscientiously abandon my post under existing circumstances. There are now two hundred and fifty in the hospital, and the number is daily increasing. I have lately baptised three persons, who have since died, and, I hope, happily; three or four others are receiving instruction preparatory to being admitted into the Church; besides these there are the Catholic soldiers who are, of course, attended to. On last Sunday, I had a larger number at church than on any former occasion. This was in consequence of an order issued to those in command, by Col. Clarke, at my request. I go to Fort Parades once a week, to instruct the soldiers there in the catechism. They are nearly one hundred in number, and nearly all Catholics. I intended to hear their confessions. This work and my daily visits to the hospital, give me at least some occupation. Should the hospital be broken up or removed elsewhere, then I might go to Monterey, not on horse-back or with the army, as I cannot ride, but by some other conveyance—waggon or vehicle.

You will be good enough to write me every two weeks or thereabouts, that I may be in possession of your locality and other particulars which it will be useful for me to know. Present my kind respects to General Taylor and the officers of my acquaintance.

Fr. Rey to Fr. McElroy.

Comargo, Sept. 2nd, 1846.

Reverend and dear Father in Christ,

P. C.

I received your favor of the 25th of August, yesterday, for which I am exceedingly grateful. . . It seems that my letters take more time to go down the river than yours do to come up, for I mailed, on the 17th, ult., the letter written on the 16th. I hope you received the letter written eight days later.

I reflected on what you wrote to me about going to Monterey with the army or later, and unless new and unforeseen circumstances should occur, I am determined to leave Comargo with General Taylor, next Saturday, for Monterey. The reasons which induced me to take this resolution are the following: (1.) Next Sunday there will be only two or three regiments of volunteers here, and these may soon be

ordered to march to Monterey. (2.) All the sick whose disease is dangerous are sent down to Matamoras: those only remain who will soon be able to follow the army. (3.) In a few weeks there will be at Monterey, an army of 10,000 men, among whom the proportion of Catholics is very great, and these men know me as chaplain of the army. (4.) In case of resistance on the part of the Mexicans, my absence from the army would look very bad, and would certainly be blamed by our Rev. Fr. Superior. (5.) Travelling with the general, I shall be furnished with means of transportation, whereas, if I stay behind, I do not know how I could have my baggage transported to Monterey. Should I stay here, I do not see what I would have to do, unless they should send up here all the regiments that are below at Burita, which is hardly probable, as there is more chance for a speedy peace now than before. Hence you will, no doubt, approve of my resolution. . . I am glad you visit Fort Parades: the captain of the fort spoke to me about it, the day I left Matamoras, but I forgot to mention the good work to Your Reverence. I suppose that Fort Brown is pretty much in the same case; besides I was told that the mortality at Burita was rather great among the volunteers; so occasion of saving souls will not be wanting to Your Reverence. I have some confessions to hear every day, and, with the help of some of the Catholic officers, I may have some converts, or, at least, sow the seed that may fructify later.

William Paul Watson, whom I received into the Church, died three days ago, after having received all the sacraments with much devotion.

I shall be exact in writing to Your Reverence; only make some allowance for the irregularity of the mails, and for the distance. They say that Col. Harvey took possession of Monterey with his force of about one thousand men; if this be the case, your journey will be pleasant enough. Parades has been taken prisoner by the Mexicans, and Santa Anna has been named Commander-in-chief. So we may hope to be on our way to Washington in three months.

Fr. McElroy to Fr. Rey.

Matamoras, Sept. 3rd, 1846.

Rev. dear Father in Christ,

P. C.

The number of sick, two days ago, was 460; since then others have been added to this number. I have baptised

seven, all of whom have died, and, I trust, happily; several others are being instructed at present, and, I hope, will be prepared in due time. You will find that the greater number of the volunteers have never received baptism, and if you approach them and speak kindly to them, when they are in danger of death, you can do what you please with them. Such I find them here from different States. With such a number here, I could not, on any account, think of visiting Comargo. Nearly my whole time, morning and evening, is taken up with visiting the sick who are now scattered over the town; five physicians are at this time employed in attending them. Should you have but twenty sick, and I presume you have many more, I do not see how you can abandon them, even if they be all Protestants. In all this, A.M.D.G. will be your guide.

FR. REY TO FR. MCELROY.

CAMP BETWEEN MARIN AND RAMAS,
25 miles from Monterey, Sept. 17th, 1846.

Rev. and dear Father in Christ,
P. C.

We left Comargo on the 5th of Sept. and arrived at Serrabro on the 9th, at noon; there is a good church at this town; the inhabitants number 3,000. The advance of our army, consisting of General Taylor and staff and the 1st division under General Twiggs, left Serrabro at day-break on Sunday morning, I remained behind with my servant, a Frenchman from the Ohio Volunteers, and a very pious Catholic; my negro boy has been discharged. I wished to say Mass, as it was the feast of the Holy Name of Mary. I heard six confessions and gave Communion to several, among them being Lieut. Curd, with whom I took breakfast. I joined Col. Whiting, with whom I travel, at 11 A. M. at our camp, which is about ten or twelve miles from Serrabro. On Monday we marched fifteen miles, and on Tuesday sixteen, and reached this place, where we halted to await the arrival of the 2nd division under General Worth, and the 3rd under General Butler. General Worth's division arrived yesterday; General Butler is expected to-day with six regiments of volunteers. Our army here, this evening, will number about six thousand men, artillery, dragoons, regular infantry and volunteers. To-morrow, we shall advance about fifteen miles, and, on Saturday forenoon, we shall be near Monterey. So far no blood has been shed; our advance

guard saw about 200 Mexicans near this place on last Monday; they retreated when they perceived our troops. I sincerely hope we may enter the city peacefully, but I do not know what will be the case. They have, at Monterey, as we have learned here, about seven thousand men, regulars and rancheros; hence, the forces of the two armies are nearly equal. I shall write to Your Reverence by the next mail, and inform you of whatever shall have happened. In the meanwhile, I recommend to your prayers and holy sacrifices, Rev. Father Superior,

Your most affectionate brother in Christ,

ANTHONY REY, S. J.

FR. REY TO FR. MCELROY.

CAMP NEAR MONTEREY, Sept. 25th, 1846.

Reverend and dear Father Superior,

P. C.

According to my promise, I will give, in a few words, an account of our proceedings here. We arrived on last Saturday at about 11 A. M., within sight of Monterey. Some cannon-balls, shot from twelve and eighteen-pounders, whistling over the heads of General Taylor and his staff, who were at the head of the army, admonished them to go back, select a camp outside of the city, and look for means of taking Monterey by force. Saturday afternoon and the following day were spent by our troops in reconnoitring the city, the Mexicans firing at our men, but without effect. On Monday, after breakfast, the attack on the lower part of the town was begun by the 1st and 3rd divisions of our army, whilst the 2nd, under General Worth, advanced on the opposite side of the city, by the Saltillo road, and attacked the heights and the forts that commanded and protected Monterey.

Our two divisions in the lower town, suffered a great deal on that day. Among the officers killed, were Colonel Watson of Baltimore, Major Barber and Captain Morris. Captain Williams of the engineers, with whom we travelled, died from his wounds on Tuesday; the other three were killed on the field. There were others killed, both captains and lieutenants, but I do not know their names. General Butler and Col. Mitchell of the volunteers, both received flesh wounds in the legs. Major Leer commanding the 3rd Infantry, was shot through the head; the bullet entered his mouth and passed out through his left ear. Lieut. Graham, with whom we dined at Matamoras, was shot through both

knees and through the abdomen; the bladder is somewhat injured, hence his recovery is as yet but doubtful. . . Several other officers are wounded, but their names are unknown to me. Our troops took one fort and two batteries in the lower part of the town that morning, but their loss, in killed and wounded, was about 300. In the meantime, General Worth took three batteries, all the heights that command Monterey, and a stony fort called the Bishop's Palace. On Wednesday evening, he opened such a tremendous fire on the town that the Mexicans agreed to send a messenger to General Taylor, offering to capitulate on honorable conditions. This was on Thursday morning, Sept. 24th, the feast of Our Lady of Mercy; no doubt she interceded with God in favor of both nations; for, on that evening, the conditions of the capitulation were agreed upon, and signed by both parties. The conditions were: (1.) That the Mexicans should deliver up to General Taylor the town and the forts which they still possessed, with the cannon, the ammunition, and all the public property. (2.) That the Mexican troops should be allowed to go out of Monterey, with their small arms, six pieces of field artillery, and fifteen days' provisions. (3.) That private property should be respected.—You see, dear Father, that I did right in accompanying our army, and that I will be not less well engaged here than Your Reverence is at Matamoras. I anointed a good Irish soldier on Tuesday; he died at 11 o'clock that evening.

Fr. McElroy to Fr. Rey.

Matamoras, Oct. 3rd, 1846.

Rev. Father in Christ,

P. C.

Yours from Serrabro on the 17th, and from Monterey on the 25th, have been received, with thanks for the brief but satisfactory accounts of the army up to the respective dates. I would have answered sooner, but I presumed that no letter could reach you, at your present post, until this time. Your last is the only authentic written statement of the late desperate attack on Monterey and its surrender. Major Eaton, on his way to Washington, communicated verbally to the quarter-master all the particulars; still what is written is more satisfactory. As yet, the Mexicans here will not believe that Monterey is in the possession of General Taylor. We have been in a state of alarm here for the last week at the report of an attack to be made on this town by a large

number, they say 1,400, rancheros headed by the celebrated Canales. Last night all the troops were under arms, and the town put in the best state of defence our means afforded; but no attack was made on us.

I wish you to write, if you have not done so already, as soon as you receive this, and give us full particulars of the late battle; the number of killed and wounded on both sides, etc. There are two soldiers' wives here who are, of course, very anxious to hear of their husbands. Both of the men belong to Captain Bragg's Co. of light artillery; their names are Corporal Gowed and J. Riley; please inquire for them. It would be well, I think, to obtain from the vicar capitular at Monterey, faculties for all English speaking persons that present themselves to us, with leave to marry them even when one of the parties speaks English. Although the pastor here authorised us to do this, I still have my doubts as to his power to do so. . . The number of sick, in the different hospitals, two weeks ago, was 860; at present it is about 640. My time during the day is devoted to visiting these sick people, and especially those among them who are in danger of death. I have, thank God, baptised a large number of persons who are now, I hope, enjoying eternal rest. We have no information as to the prospects of peace. On reflection, I thought it might be proper to address a short note of congratulation to the general on his late victory. Please hand the enclosed to him with my respects.

Fr. McElroy to Fr. Rey.

Matamoras, Nov. 4th, 1846.

Reverend dear Father in Christ,

P. C.

My congregation here is much reduced by the withdrawal of two companies of regulars, who have gone to Monterey. About 80 of the men in these companies were Catholics, and were getting into very good trim; almost all of them had been to confession, several had received Holy Communion, and a large number of them had taken the temperance pledge. I have recommended them very particularly to call on you. Both companies belong to the 1st Artillery regiment; Capt. Nannean commands one of them, Lieut. Haskins, the other. There is a Sergeant Heymes, a Frenchman, in the first company, and a Corporal Williams in the second; both are good Catholics; they will inform you of the men who have not been to their duties, etc. The officers

of both companies are extremely kind, and some of them are well disposed. I have now but a small number, about thirty, in Fort Brown. All the troops here now are volunteers, except one company at Fort Brown. The number of sick is much reduced, only about 200 now; the deaths are comparatively few. I have had a slight attack of fever since last Friday; I am now much better, thank God. I have not said Mass since the feast of All Saints; I hope I shall have the happiness of resuming the holy sacrifice to-morrow. We know even less of war affairs here than you do. All is in the hands of Providence. May God's holy will be accomplished, and may it bring some blessing on this distressed and abandoned country.

I have nothing of interest to communicate to you now. All here is quiet; the people are very kind to me as usual. Amidst these and other consolations, we have great reason for grief at the loss of so many immortal souls; nothing is being done either for the young or for the old.

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR OF 1861.

(*Fourth Letter.*)

CAMP BROWN, SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLORIDA,
July 24th, 1861.

DEAR FATHER BERTHELET,
P. C.

I have written to Rev. Fr. Tellier, since *joining the soldiers*, a few very long letters, but as yet have received no answer; I do not believe, however, that it was possible for him to answer before now. As you were the immediate cause, for bad or for good, for disgrace or for honor, of my being at present incorporated with the army of the United States, it is but just, I think, that I should send you, from my far distant post, a few lines acknowledging my obligations. In giving you a *résumé* of events since the 15th of June, I must try to avoid repeating what I wrote to Rev. Fr. Superior of the mission. The steam-transport, *State of Georgia*, arrived here a week or two ago, bringing various kinds of naval and military stores, and detachments of officers and men for the command. Two families of Brooklyn, acquaintances of yours (Moynihan and Farrell), kindly sent me, by this

steamer, a box of extremely welcome articles. Never, I think, was a gift more opportune and appropriate. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life and the lives of others. Owing very probably to the wet, or heat, or want of fresh meat, or inferior quality of water, or all combined, men and officers were suffering from a virulent attack of diarrhœa and dysentery, which the doctors, with the remedies at hand, were unable to check. When this box, containing amongst other things, a supply of blackberry brandy, arrived, I turned over this well known remedy to the doctors, for the relief of the sick. The doctors, after setting aside some for myself, about whose recovery they were much alarmed, thankfully accepted what they called a treasure, and administered it sparingly to the many sick, who soon began to mend, and in a short time were able to report for duty. We are all well now. Have not I and the soldiers every reason to thank these good friends?

My parish is being amazingly increased down here. Every transport that arrives, every new arrival among the men-of-war, lands on our island squads of regulars, who, thus far, are all Irish Catholics. In addition to these, I have to attend to the spiritual wants of the marines and sailors of the fleet, of the sailors and hands of the transports, etc. It would appear that I am to be the only priest to attend to the army that is being organised here. The poor fellows of the fleet and the regular army, who, on many occasions have had to suffer for their faith, are delighted to have a priest with them, and to be able to give him the salute which his *shoulder-straps* call for. When they see a Protestant sentry give the salute, they become utterly beside themselves with joy. The regulars, who, for very obvious reasons, slight the volunteers, feel hurt that the latter should lay all claim to the priest. In this they are unreasonable; for every facility for attending to their souls is offered to the regulars, and to sailors and marines belonging to the blockading fleet. Very little pressure indeed, is required to induce them to profit by the occasion, very rare for some of them, of receiving the sacraments. Many of them had not seen a Catholic clergyman for 6 or 8 years or more; and none of them had seen one entitled to the rights and honors and emoluments of a captain of cavalry, which I now enjoy. Those well meaning men offer me what they consider very great inducements to leave the volunteers, and identify myself with the regulars. They evidently know very little about the volunteer organisation. If the regulars were more numerous, I might indeed have reason to apprehend trouble between them and the volunteers. Humanly speaking, it would per-

haps be better for me to be attached to the regulars than to the volunteer force, though you must not at all understand me as regretting that my lot is cast with the latter. On the contrary, I am highly pleased with the citizen soldiers, and from the continual kindness of officers and men, I must conclude they are satisfied with me.

Owing to my ignorance of what would be required for camp life, as well as of the direction in which we were going, I omitted to bring with me even the most essential articles. I had not so much as a blanket with me. The cloak which Father Sherlock had the thoughtful kindness to give me, has been a good substitute; never, perhaps, has a gift been better bestowed. Many a night, when exposed to the cold, heavy dews and fogs on the gulf beach, I offered a fervent prayer for the good father, to whose kindness I was indebted for such protection. Major Newby and Lieut. d'Orville, perceiving my destitute condition, and my inability to procure any articles of clothing here, have generously come to my assistance, one giving me a good military blanket, the other an India-rubber blanket. This was surely kind of these gentlemen, one of whom is a Protestant, the other a Frenchman, as he says, of no religion. Had I not been under the impression that we were going to Washington or Baltimore, where I could purchase what I should need, I would have taken with me from New York, all I should require. For the benefit of any father that may have to accompany those regiments now said to be on the point of coming here, as well as for the direction of Rev. Fr. Tellier, in case he should intend to send me something, I wish you would tell the Rev. Father, that wearing apparel of any other material than blue flannel (navy flannel), is utterly insupportable in this climate for those living as we do. People speak of the great heat of the South in the summer months. Remember that we are not only in the South, but also on a *bare, sandy* island in the South; at least, such is the part of the island we occupy. There is no refreshing drink here but rain-water, which divine Providence is just now giving us most abundantly, or the soft brackish water discovered by the Zouaves. The rainy season, now in all its vigor, is not as bad as we had been led to expect. There is an occasional dry day, or part of a day, when the sun darts forth its rays with unusual intensity. These sudden and violent flashes of heat during the brief pause in the down-pour, cause rapid decay, it is said, of vegetable matter, and thus sow the seed of yellow fever.

I have received a communication from the New York *Herald*, offering me the position of War Correspondent from

this department. They promise me twenty dollars per letter, whether they use the correspondence or not. I declined the flattering and lucrative commission. Great quantities of Protestant tracts, Protestant journals, etc., have already begun to arrive for the men. For want of something else to read, the boys spend their leisure time devouring these low attacks on our faith; for that is all they contain. Mr. Killian of the New York *Tablet* has written to me, offering to send, for distribution among the soldiers, as many copies of the *Tablet* as I wish, if I would consent to be the War Correspondent of that journal. I accepted his offer and conditions, and will write *sous le nom de guerre* "Santa Rosa."

I doubt whether any one, soldier or missionary, has ever had such hardships to endure as have fallen to our lot. We have just entered upon a career with whose routine none of us, officers or men, has had much, if any, acquaintance. We are under a sky entirely new to most of us, said to be the very hotbed of yellow fever and other pestilential diseases. Still, we are all satisfied and have many sources of merriment. The fare is naturally that of soldiers, coarse, but wholesome and abundant. All this can be made to merit an eternal reward, and with this motive in view, we cheerfully bear our hardships and privations.

Poor Lieutenant Slemmer,[1] and his band of heroes, are standing monuments of the effect which this climate, united with laborious duty and great privations, can produce on the soundest constitutions. As I fear that not one of these heroes (for I must call them such) will ever be able to go north to relate their illustrious deeds, I think it due to them that I should leave in some one's possession the accounts which these poor fellows, now on their death-beds, have given me, of their successful efforts, under most trying circumstances, to save for the United States, Pickens, a fort of solid build and of vast proportions. Although this powerful and extensive fortification is easily defended, and completely commands the entrance to Pensacola Bay, it had never been garrisoned, and consequently never armed before the breaking out of the present war. This is the statement of the officers and men here at present. General appearances, too, would indicate this to be the case; for there are no officers' quarters here, which, I think, would not be the case, had officers been stationed in the fort. A married soldier, a sergeant, with his family, remained, however, to have a gen-

[1] Lieutenant Adam J. Slemmer, a young Pennsylvanian, was a man of spare figure and of medium height. He looked more of a scholar than of a soldier. He wore spectacles, and in his speech he was quiet and deliberate. He was wonderfully sympathetic and attractive. He inspired all around him with unbounded confidence.

eral care of the place. The little squad, left as a garrison for Pensacola, occupied Forts McCrae and Barrancas, situated on the mainland side of the entrance to the bay. The objection to taking up their quarters in Fort Pickens, arose, it is said, from the fear of alligators, of enormous and venomous snakes, and poisonous and troublesome insects, that are found in incredible numbers on Santa Rosa. Dread of the yellow fever, said to be indigenous to the island, had, no doubt, its influence in keeping the soldiers on the mainland.

When Florida declared itself separated from the Union, Lieut. Adam J. Slemmer and his few men (a part of a company)—the garrison of Pensacola—found themselves on the mainland in possession of Forts McCrae and Barrancas. These the Southern authorities formally demanded the commanding officer to surrender; but he formally and positively refused either to recognise their authority to make such a demand, or to admit their ability to enforce it. He held his commission from the United States government, which in these matters was the only authority he recognised; and he would be faithful to the oath which he had taken.

Inflamed by the prevailing sentiment of secession, and incensed at the refusal of the young commanding officer, crowds or mobs came down from Pensacola, eight or ten miles distant at the head of the bay, threatening to take the place by force; but they received for answer, that a resistance little dreamed of would be offered. During the succeeding days, crowds of youths from Pensacola and the surrounding country, collected about the forts, and, by their violent demonstrations, began to give some uneasiness to Lieut. Slemmer, who, as yet, had received no directions from Washington. What was to be done? With about twenty men (the survivors assure me that their number did not exceed twenty), the lieutenant in command could not hold two forts against this stormy mob, rapidly becoming threateningly numerous. He therefore determined to abandon Fort McCrae during the night, and concentrate his little force for the defence of Barrancas. Next morning, either by their unexpected success in securing one of the forts completely armed, or irritated by the now unmistakable signs of the cool, determined defence which Slemmer intended making, the mob (there was no attempt at military organisation), swelled to enormous proportions, threatened to storm Barrancas, and even attempted to force in the sally-port. They were, however, promptly driven off by a decided threat, on the part of the little garrison, of opening on them with grape and canister. As night approached, this little band of heroes discovered that, though they had an

abundant supply of ammunition, the few provisions belonging to them were stored in Fort McCrae, to which they could now have no access. The case was urgent. A man-of-war, well equipped with men and arms, was carelessly lying at anchor a short distance from the fort, in front of the navy yard. The army and navy are, as you are aware, quite independent of each other in their organisations. The authorities on board the *Brooklyn* (that was the name of the lordly vessel riding at anchor off the navy yard), appeared to be as ignorant of the government's intention with regard to the naval interests, as the land force was with regard to those of the army. They could, however, lay claim to nothing like the latter's admirable pluck. Indeed the commander of the *Brooklyn*, whose name I have forgotten, is openly accused by the army and navy of having betrayed the government. With the means at his disposal, he could have held the navy yard against any force that could, at that time, be brought against him. An unarmed mob took possession of Pensacola navy yard and its immense stores of every kind, whilst this commander had a well equipped man-of-war alongside the dock, and whilst all the employees of the department then in the yard (amounting to hundreds), were soliciting permission from him to take into their own hands the defence of the place and the property stored in it, declaring that even without his assistance they could hold it. The needed authorisation was withheld; the yard with its invaluable contents was given up without a shot; and the poor employees, who manifested such attachment to the old flag, were, it is said, inhumanly treated by the triumphant mob. But to return to Mr. Slemmer. Situated as he was, he saw no other resource than, under cover of night, to retreat across the channel forming the entrance to the bay, to Santa Rosa Island, to occupy Fort Pickens and make desperate efforts to hold it till the government could reinforce him or order him to abandon everything. Here, however, a new and apparently insurmountable difficulty presented itself to our young but resolute lieutenant. He had no boats, nor could he discover any means of procuring them; but Providence came to his relief in a manner least expected. The government employees of the navy yard, seeing themselves deserted by the *Brooklyn*, the representative of the navy, and ignorant of the straits to which the little garrison was reduced, sent to Mr. Slemmer a trusty man, Mr. O'Reilly, who should devise with him some plan of yet saving the United States' property so ruthlessly invaded. The lieutenant explained to the messenger his forlorn position, that

he could do nothing without the co-operation of the man-of-war; that he had resolved to retreat during night to Pickens, and asked this friend to furnish himself and his men with boats. The task was difficult, for the mob continued to threaten the fort. Still, in the name of the friends of the old flag, the messenger promised to have the boats in readiness with some provisions, on the condition that, as soon as reinforced, he would return to Barrancas. With skilful prudence and caution, the boats were rowed out on the bay whence they could easily be worked into the channel, on whose shore Barrancas is erected. With anxious hearts and minds the faithful garrison beheld the approach of night. Is there a traitor amongst their devoted friends? Do the enemies surrounding the fort on the land side, suspect their design? Will the now detested *Brooklyn* sink them? These are questions repeatedly proposed. Each man taking with him from the fort whatever he could carry, the little band of heroes silently leave the frowning walls, step lightly to the water's edge at the time designated, and find means of transportation all prepared. The lieutenant and his men, with one exception (Sam Jones, who was left behind by some accident), were in Fort Pickens before morning.

Other disappointments, however, and greater hardships awaited these noble soldiers. They now found themselves, it is true, in a strongly built, extensive fort, but unarmed and without provisions. Not a gun mounted; not an ounce of ammunition; not a particle of food within those fortifications! They would not, however, let the thought of surrendering be entertained for a single instant. Again Providence declared in their favor. The friends of the Union in and about Pensacola, sent them an abundance and variety of provisions. Their old companions in arms, who had resigned their commissions and joined the Confederate forces, and who were then in command in Pensacola and its neighborhood (Major Chase, Lieut. Slaughter, etc.), began to relent, and show that they held in high esteem the fidelity with which this little band kept the oath they had taken on entering the army. They no longer wished to deal harshly with them; but they insisted on the surrender of Fort Pickens. Seeing these brave men, rather than betray their country, take refuge on an island deemed uninhabitable for reasons stated in a former letter, Major Chase thought he could act leniently towards them. Ambitious, however, of receiving his sword from such an officer as Slemmer, he persisted in demanding the lieutenant's unconditional surrender. In this his conduct seemed a little contradictory. Without preventing the Irishmen of Warrenton and Wool-

sey (the employees of the navy yard) from bringing their usual supply of provisions to this, I might say, outcast but not disheartened band, Major Chase formally, by flag of truce, demanded the surrender of Fort Pickens and its garrison; and he intimated that, in case of refusal, he would immediately proceed to employ the force at his disposal, now considerably increased, to compel the commanding officer to yield to his demand.

Any attempt at defence was out of the question. The men had not even their muskets. The *Brooklyn* gave up her position in the bay, moved outside the forts, and took her stand in the gulf, south of Santa Rosa. Hoping for speedy assistance, or at least for directions, Slemmer, in order to gain time, resolved to have recourse to a little ruse. There was not a single sea-going vessel in the harbor of Pensacola. This fact was destined to save him. After having undergone so many and such great hardships, the high-spirited lieutenant consented to surrender his men, himself and his sword, provided *his* conditions would be accepted. He hoped that the influence of his former companions in arms, some of whom had been his superiors in command, and who were now arrayed under the Confederate flag, would be sufficiently powerful to secure the consent of the Southern authorities to his proposition. He therefore required as his only condition, "that he and his men should be sent, in a vessel capable of comfortably conveying them, to the nearest post occupied by the United States' troops; that, in case such a vessel could not be furnished by the Southern authorities, he and his men be allowed to remain in unmolested possession of Fort Pickens and Santa Rosa Island till such time as a vessel could come for them from the North." Answer came back that the man-of-war *Brooklyn*, now lying out in the gulf, could take them to the desired station. To this the intrepid Slemmer replied that it must be evident to them, that the captain of the *Brooklyn* and himself are of very different opinions with regard to their duties in the present crisis. Moreover, the army and navy are independent of each other. He would not ask any favors of the commander of the *Brooklyn;* and he had no authority to order him what to do. These reasons were deemed satisfactory; and as the South had no vessel to transport the little command, the second part of his condition was accepted.

Profiting by the breathing time now assured to them, Slemmer and his men began to look about them for means of putting themselves and the fort in some shape of defence. After a little searching, they found in that part of the fort called *the parade*, a few dismounted 32-pounders. But what

were these without carriages, without ammunition, without the means of putting them in position? Seeing his men manifesting signs of discouragement, the indomitable lieutenant said: "Boys, if we had everything requisite for the defence of the fort, there would be very little honor in holding it. If a corps of engineers and mechanics with their varied instruments and machinery were here, they could readily get these pieces into position, but it would be very little credit to them. To hold the fort without any means of defence, to put these 32-pounders into position without the aid of mechanics or machinery, is an honor reserved for us." With renewed zeal, and hoping for aid from the old employees of the navy yard, the faithful soldiers worked day and night to make Pickens defensible.

Informed of the straits to which this little band was reduced, the sailors and marines of the *Brooklyn* fiercely demanded to be permitted to aid them to the fullest extent of their means. To avoid a mutiny, in which all but the captain would be the mutineers, a number of sailors and marines were allowed to land on the island, under cover of darkness, and communicate with the little garrison. After a very fatiguing row, and after having met with considerable danger, the friendly boat safely passed through the ceaseless breakers, and reached the shore, but found no guard either friend or enemy. Hastening to the fort, the big-hearted men of the *Brooklyn* found that untiring band endeavoring at that hour of the night to put Pickens in a state of defence. Slemmer and his men, not expecting any aid from the man-of-war, supposed that the new-comers were enemies, and that, of course, his plans were discovered. In a short time the strangers made themselves and the object of their coming, known to the astonished garrison, whose worn-out appearance and forlorn condition moved to tears the generous crew of the man-of-war. The visit greatly encouraged the lieutenant and his men. They, too, shed tears of gratitude; they beheld, at that late hour of night, the first ray of hope. Inflamed by sympathy for the staunch little band, the man-of-war's men said to Mr. Slemmer: "Sir, cost what it may, we have resolved not to return to the vessel; we are going to cast our lot with you and your men."

Thanking them heartily for their generous sympathy, the lieutenant informed them in tone and words that indicated the deep impression this disinterested offer had produced on his heart of hearts, that he could not accept their proposition, and persuaded them to return to their ship. Morning dawned, but no trace of the visitors was visible. The lieutenant and his men spent the day (as they spent every day),

strolling along the beach, receiving the visitors who, out of curiosity, landed frequently on the island. The men exaggerated the dangers of the place, the number and size of the venomous reptiles in and around the fort; and thus deterred the visitors from going near enough to discover the works which they kept from the knowledge of even those friends who brought them provisions. As night closed in, these indefatigable men resumed their laborious occupation. How often they interrupted their work to say a kind word about last night's visitors! But what is all this? More visitors? Yes, truly; more friends from the *Brooklyn*. "We have, sir, come again, and this time not empty-handed. We are in greater numbers than last night; we have brought some provisions, and a few brass howitzers with a quantity of ammunition. We are to stay ashore till these pieces are placed in position." Such were the consoling words of the welcome strangers. After a little repast, all immediately set to work, with the appliances at hand, to mount the guns. Night passed off quietly; the rising sun found our men again idle, but Pickens beginning to assume a warlike appearance, and all entirely unsuspected by the other side. For some nights the arming of the fort by the aid of the *Brooklyn's* men, was rapidly being completed. During the day, the jaded soldiers moved along the beach, as if anxiously looking for some vessel to take them away from the dangerous island.

Finally, a steamer flying the United States' flag hove in sight. In due time it came to anchor, and sent a boat ashore with the glad tidings to the garrison that reinforcements were on their way to Pickens, and with the positive command to surrender nothing to the enemy. No sooner did the representatives of the Southern authorities notice the arrival of the new steamer, than they sent, under flag of truce, an express order for Slemmer and his men to immediately evacuate the island. The indomitable commander of Fort Pickens was now a new man. He boldly pointed out to the messengers the recently mounted guns; he assured them that the steamer just arrived had brought him reinforcements, and that far from believing himself unable to hold the fort, he would make in the course of the day a formal demand for the surrender into his possession of the two forts he had been obliged to abandon; and, in case of refusal, that he would instantly commence offensive operations for the recovery of the lost property. He then ordered them to leave the island, and, unless to announce a compliance with his demands, under no pretext to return. The surprise of the messengers was beyond description. Fearing an attack immediately, the now elated lieutenant armed his

brave companions and some sailors and marines still with him, and posted all of them as sentinels along the beach near the fort. In the afternoon another boat put off from the opposite shore, and made directly for the beach west of the fort. The sentries halted the party, and asked whether they were bearers of the information that the lieutenant's demands were complied with. On receiving a negative answer, the sentries ordered them back, and, disclosing a howitzer which they had dragged to the water's edge, said: "If you again return we shall blow you out of the water." The gauntlet was openly thrown down. Will it be picked up? It is a critical moment. Without the coming reinforcements, the garrison is unable to resist successfully the force the South can send against them. With some apprehension they beheld the approach of night, and as yet, no sign of the promised help. Fearing a night attack, Slemmer ordered a cessation of work within the fort, and that every man mount guard along the beach. "Oh, what a night we passed on that beach!" said one of the dying narrators to me, "We had eaten nothing the day before; the usual supply from our friends on the other side, had, from some cause, been stopped. We could not hold out another night. Every ripple on the water appeared to be a boat-load of invaders. Never did worn-out, hungry, sleepy, half-discouraged sentries desire the return of day more ardently than we did."

Day at last dawned; but what a day for the heroic garrison! There, lying at anchor, as near the island as her draught would allow, was the expected troop-ship *Atlantic* or *Baltic*, with reinforcements on board, and with banners proudly floating on the breeze. A few men-of-war also hove in sight. I cannot, of course, attempt a description of the feelings of these true soldiers when they beheld, at early dawn, friends coming to their rescue, and at the darkest moment of what might be called their imprisonment. The troops on board, I am told, comprised a part of Co. E, 8th U. S. Infantry, and a part of Captain Barry's battery of light artillery—some of the faithful soldiers deserted by Gen. Twiggs. These poor soldiers, in order to save their honor and the sanctity of their oaths, had to travel unarmed from some distant post in the interior to the gulf, which they reached in a helpless condition; and now, though unfit for the severe work before them, they are sent to reinforce Pickens. They were all Irish Catholics, with the exception of the buglers, who were German Catholics.

Mr. Slemmer proposed, with the forces now on hand, to recover instantly the lost ground. His counsel, however, did not prevail. The Southerners profited by the time al-

lowed them to render Pensacola almost impregnable. They found, in the navy yard, an immense supply of cannons and ammunition, which they mounted along the shore; thus making a series of sand batteries from the navy yard to Fort McCrae. There seems to have been a very deplorable diversity of views between the land and naval forces with regard to Pensacola. Unable to come to an understanding with the fleet, Slemmer demanded that the men intended for him be landed immediately. But an apparently insurmountable difficulty in landing the troops, seemed about to deprive Slemmer of the aid so near at hand. The transport had not suitable boats, and the men-of-war had no orders to use their boats for conveying the soldiers to the island. Hearing of the straits to which the garrison was reduced, Co. E, 8th U. S. Infantry volunteered to swim ashore, if the captain could bring his vessel a little closer. Equally eager with these forsaken and foot-sore soldiers, to bring immediate aid to the suffering band, the captain of the steamer did all it was possible for him to do to facilitate the landing. The very night after the arrival of the transport, by means of small boats, rafts, etc., without any aid from the men-of-war, the new troops were landed, and Slemmer was reinforced. Never was a more hearty welcome given or received than that which was given by the garrison to the newly arrived. The following morning, the rising sun beheld the stars and stripes floating from Fort Pickens' flag-staff, and the enemy unequivocally on the defensive. Pickens certainly assumed an aggressive attitude.

As soon as the danger, to avert which Slemmer's heroes had employed almost superhuman exertions and endured almost incredible hardships, was past, a terrible reaction took hold of the frames of these wonderful soldiers. The devoted men began rapidly to fail. In a short time they were confined to what was called the hospital, where neither physician nor medical stores were to be found. The work of continuing the improvement of Pickens now devolved on the new-comers; who, as stated above, having escaped by a series of heroic deeds from Texas, were themselves more fit to be the inmates of the hospital, than to be applied to the excessively severe work before them. A new spirit, however, had taken hold of the navy; or at least that part of it at anchor off Fort Pickens. With proper authority, the marines offer to the fort their services, which are gratefully accepted. A marine battery is sent ashore, and erected and manned, by men and officers from the fleet.

Another transport arrived with an additional little portion of Twiggs' soldiers; they are a part of a company of the

2nd Regiment, U. S. Heavy Artillery. Word reached the authorities of the fort, that all of Twiggs' forces that had been able to escape were ordered to Pickens. The news that such tried old soldiers were coming, put new life into every one. Alas! they were but few, and more or less disabled. Later orders directed these faithful troops to change their destination, and go to Forts Jefferson and Taylor (Dry Tortugas and Key West).

Pickens was now considered to be in a state to defy any force; still, heavy artillery continued to arrive and to be put in position in the fort and in batteries along the beach. Mr. Slemmer's exertions, anxieties and privations had nearly disabled him; he was an invalid. Seeing the fort safe, he asked to be relieved from command. The government granted his request, and appointed Col. Harvey Brown, one of those escaped from Twiggs' meshes, to succeed him. This officer is still in command, and the camp from which I am sending this letter, is, in his honor, called "Camp Brown." He is of a very kind, religious disposition (Methodist), but a strict, uncompromising disciplinarian. To a man like him, grown old in the regular army, the ways of volunteers must be a continual annoyance. As yet, I have had very little intercourse with the brave and faithful commander. He has with him Lieut. Col. Brooks, who is a Catholic, and who tells me that he was educated in a *petit séminaire* in Canada. He is highly esteemed by the soldiers; regulars and volunteers.

Such, dear Father, is the history (rather long and tedious you will say, but, I think, very desirable for the future historian of the war) of Lieut. Slemmer, U. S. A. and his little band of heroes, as related to me by themselves.[1] His men are all Catholics. On reaching here on the 24th of June, we found the remaining men of these parts of four companies (Slemmer's few men, a part of a light artillery battery—Capt. Barry's, a part of a battery of heavy artillery—2nd U. S. Artillery, and a part of Co. E, 8th U. S. Infantry), the strongest of whom must be classed as invalids, holding

[1] I regret to have to say, that I cannot give the dates, names of persons and other particulars of the various movements, transactions, etc., connected with the retreat from Forts McCrae and Barrancas, and the holding of Fort Pickens. I jotted these points down in my diary, intending to have them at hand when occasion would require. The diary has been lost. I also noted down in this diary, the length of the day's march, incidents of the march, names of towns and villages passed, names of places where the army bivouacked, incidents of the halting at night, and of the starting in the morning, the various *special* orders issued on the march, incidents connected with the crossing of rivers, dates of those various events, manœuvring before battles and skirmishes, etc. The loss of this little treasure is now, I think, irreparable. Col. Michael Cassidy, the only one who could repair the loss, was, whilst prosecuting his researches, suddenly removed from this life, without having time to inform us what or where are the result of his inquiries.

Fort Pickens. The other troops ordered here from Texas, were directed to Fort Jefferson (Dry Tortugas), against which Major Chase, after his failure to secure for the South Fort Pickens, made a quixotic attack; but he was shamefully driven off by a few workmen. We are, however, much stronger now in regular soldiers. The increase of the regular forces is made, by decreasing, for the present, the number of our own regiment. Two companies, B and E, of the Zouaves, have been sent to Fort Jefferson to garrison that place, instead of the regulars who were there, and who are now with us on Santa Rosa. They belong to the 2nd U. S. Heavy Artillery. Company A of the Zouaves is ordered to Fort Taylor (Key West), to relieve the heavy artillerists garrisoning that stronghold, who are ordered to Pickens. Two companies, G and I, of the Zouaves, are ordered into Fort Pickens where they are being drilled as heavy artillerists. Evidently they are stocking Pickens for a heavy bombardment. As in the days of Slemmer, so in ours, there is constant, but not unreasonable work going on, erecting batteries and mounting guns, inside the fort and along the shores of the island.

You must not think that my labor is now less, because my regiment is diminished. The regulars who have thus far arrived, are all Irish Catholics. These men are, I find, all well instructed in their religion; many of them have received what might be called a good common-school education. The majority of those here are tradesmen. You see that, though so far away, I am in the midst of my own. Yet it is a painful circumstance in my daily life, to be so far removed from my dear brothers, and to have no prospect of seeing a priest. Were it not for this, I should be very happy with the soldiers.

Ensign Cox (a son, I am told, of the minister of that name in Brooklyn) applied to me for instruction in the Catholic faith. I was suffering at the time from the effects of the heat, and salt food, and in general from the new kind of life I am living; so I did not feel able to complete the work. I requested him after a few interviews to postpone the affair till I should feel a little better. That very day, he was ordered on board a steamer leaving here for Fort Jefferson. Mr. Cox sent me word from the transport that the command was so urgent that it was not possible for him to see me before leaving, and that he would continue to prepare himself as well as he could. The commandant of the department of Florida tells me that Mr. Cox, for some reason, has sent in his resignation, and that he recommended its acceptance.

I do not know how or when I shall be able to see a priest here. The regulars tell me that there is one (Rev. Mr. Coyle) stationed in Pensacola. But how and when am I to get there? A battle must answer this question. The post adjutant told me a few days ago, that judging from the great reinforcements arriving for the enemy from some quarters (known by the increased number of camp-fires, tents, etc. visible from Pickens), those in command conclude that General Bragg is about to make a strenuous attack on us, and, if possible, drive us into the gulf, or capture us, fort, island and all. An event of this kind might, indeed, give me an opportunity, rather disagreeable, of visiting Father Coyle. But Gen. Bragg will not succeed. He has allowed his golden opportunity to escape. A month or two ago, he could easily have accomplished what is now, I think, beyond his power. Where six weeks ago, the waves of the bay and gulf dashed their spray over the glittering sands as freely as they did when the gallant Spanish navigators first sailed their proud vessels over these waters, have now sprung up invulnerable sand batteries stacked with defying *columbiads*, frowning James rifles and terrifying rifled parrots of immense calibre. Every day beholds us strengthening old batteries or erecting new ones. We can plainly see Gen. Bragg's men similarly engaged. Old Col. Brown says: "Never since the invention of powder, have such powerful instruments of destruction been pitted against each other." There is then very little hope, you will tell me, of my speedy visit to this clergyman, so highly spoken of by the soldiers who know him. Col. Brown told me the other day, that he feels confident he could now recapture the ground given up by Lieut. Slemmer, but it would be at the sacrifice of the United States' property on the other side, which he is very anxious to save. This property consists of two forts in excellent condition and well armed, the navy yard possessing immense supplies of every description, and many buildings erected by the government at great cost. These are too valuable to be destroyed in order to possess them. There are more cannon, shell and shot in Pensacola navy yard than would be required to defend all the ports in the hands of the Southerners. There is there, too, sufficient material to start an efficient navy. Bragg has added to the defences left him by Slemmer. He has erected a range of batteries from the navy yard through to the gulf. Some of those batteries (those between the light-house and Fort McCrae) are not more than half a mile distant from Fort Pickens. The rainy season is in full force, and it benefits us. The frequent and severe wettings we get, do us no harm. The sudden change from a bright warm

sun to a terrific down-pour, in which at times we are all caught, furnishes us with amusement for that day.

Hearing that I was ailing, and aware that no convenience for sick people existed on the island, Capt. Lefevre of the *Vanderbilt* sent his boat ashore to take me out to his vessel at least on a visit. Though my ailment had already disappeared, I applied for and obtained the necessary permission to accept the invitation so kindly extended. The breakers were very threatening and the rain was heavy; still the hardy sailors told me not to fear, though the officers advised me to postpone my trip. Human respect gave me courage. I was really ashamed to say that after coming down to the water's edge, I was obliged to return to camp through fear of the dangers attending the long row of two miles out to the transport. Off we started; but in a little while the wind, becoming stronger, made the waves truly fearful. As we receded from the shore, we found the billows now alarmingly high, broken, and making what the sailors termed a chopped sea. Our progress became slow, if there was any. Night was setting in, and our situation began to be critical. The patient sailors, however, pulled their oars as steadily as if there was no cause for alarm. As the waves dashed over us, these poor fellows would say: "Hold on, Father, we shall reach the ship all right." The fleet, fortunately for us, saw our dangerous condition, and sent a boat to our assistance. We reached the *Vanderbilt* at dusk, thoroughly drenched, but safe. The captain and Mr. McHenry received us with great joy. "Father, the reception of the prodigal son is awaiting you," said Captain Lefevre. The man-of-war's men were invited on board, and given quite a jolly time in the saloon of the stately *Vanderbilt*. Of course there could be no question of my returning to Santa Rosa that night. After a grand supper, something very new to me, the captain and officers of the transport asked for the news of the island, our way of living, how the boys liked soldiering, etc. etc. I went to the quarters of the men whose confessions I heard. In due time I retired and enjoyed a night's repose on a real bed. The roaring of wind and waves did not trouble me on board the *Vanderbilt*. Morning came, quiet and serene, after the little storm. The captain insisted on my remaining on board till the steamer should be ready to start for New York. This, of course, I could not agree to. Thinking my constitution unable to withstand the climate, food, etc., the kind-hearted captain advised me to resign, and offered me a free passage home. This, too, I was in conscience and honor obliged to decline. Nevertheless, the big-hearted mariner's kindness is not the less to be

appreciated. Thanking the generous officers of the transport for their sympathetic good-will, I expressed the desire of returning to my *boys*. In a few minutes the boat and crew were in readiness; some officers of the ship proposed to accompany me, and to call on board the man-of-war whose commander had sent us such timely assistance the evening before. Of course everything was in order. Having climbed up the side of the noble defender of Uncle Sam's property and children, we expressed our gratitude to all on board for the interest they manifested for our safety. After a little refreshment had been offered and accepted, the commander of the man-of-war told the *Vanderbilt's* people that he would take charge of "bringing the father home." The transport's boat and crew returned, and I spent that afternoon and night enjoying the hospitality of the gentlemanly officers of the man-of-war. I heard the confessions of those who wished to profit by my presence. The officers gave me every facility. To relieve me from all anxiety, they signalled to the fort for a prolongation of my leave of absence, which was readily granted. Next day I had the honor of being rowed over the troubled gulf by a crew of U. S. sailors, splendid specimens of manly forms. Their scientific strokes, and the little pennant conspicuously floating from the flag-staff, attracted the attention of volunteers and regulars, who came down to the beach to meet the strangers or hear the news. As we approached the beginning of the surf, we were recognised by the boys who gave us a "three times three" with a New York "tiger." The boatswain steadied his boat for a moment at the first breakers, and watched for the arrival of an incoming wave whose force would be sufficient to take us through the surf. As the roller appeared and was about to strike the stern of our brave little boat, the steersman said: "Now boys, bring the father in dry on the crest of this wave." The oars struck the water at the precise instant the wave struck the boat, and in we shot through the breakers within a few feet of dry land. The boys took me ashore, and some officers of the man-of-war came to take a look at the volunteers and at the progress made in the defences of the island. I was glad to be back in camp.

It will yet take some months to finish the unloading of the *Vanderbilt*. The captain says he expects to bring another cargo to Pickens, and courteously offers to take charge of anything to be sent to me. I am very much alarmed about altar-breads. I have but few left, and these are old. Send me, if you please, a little supply as soon as at all possible. Usually I say Mass only on Sundays. There is scarcely any possibility of offering the holy sacrifice on week-days. The

enfants de chœur are venerable Col. Brooks, who takes a pride in showing his superiority in this holy function, Frederick Goggins, one of St. John's College, Fordham boys, little drummer boys, old regulars of the dragoons, who like to serve in full uniform, and two little fifers of St. Francis Xavier's College.

Recommending myself and the soldiers to your fervent prayers,

I remain yours truly in Christ,

MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

FATHER DAMEN'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

The golden jubilee or fiftieth anniversary of Rev. Arnold Damen's religious life was celebrated in Chicago on the 20th and 21st days of November last; two days being devoted to the happy occasion because of the two parishes of which Father Damen was the founder. On Sunday, Nov. 20th the celebration took place in the Holy Family parish, which Fr. Damen enriched with the best years of his life. The church at the last Mass was crowded with parishioners and old friends who came to do honor to their old and faithful pastor. The following account of the jubilee celebration is taken from one of the city papers:—

"The services at the church yesterday morning were peculiarly impressive: the significance of the occasion, the vast throng of hushed and reverent worshippers, the gorgeous religious pageantry, and the admirable music, all combining to make the scene one long to be remembered. Nearly three thousand people were crowded on the floors and in the galleries of the great church, a number of old women crouching on the floor near the altar in piteous abjectness. The great altars were lighted up by hundreds of candles, and high above the central altar flamed, in great letters of fire, the names of the holy family, MARIA—JESUS—JOSEPH, surmounted by a glowing cross and crown. Soon the organ swelled into a march, and a gorgeous procession swept up the middle aisle. Preceded by long lines of acolytes wearing the cassock, surplice, and beretta, came the priests clad in vestments heavy with gold and embroidery, Father Damen walking among them; and after them, under a silken canopy, carried by four ushers, came Archbishop Feehan, wearing the mitre, preceded by the double cross, and surrounded by attendants. He was escorted to his seat

in the sanctuary, and the solemn high Mass began. Father Damen, a well-kept, kindly-faced old man, 73 years old, officiated as celebrant, assisted by Father Tschieder, as deacon, and Father Lalumiere, as subdeacon, Father Kelly, assistant priest, Frs. Schulak and Van Hulst deacons of honor, and Father Nussbaum acted as master of ceremonies. Fr. Damen intoned the Mass with a full, resonant voice, and the services were made doubly impressive by the music, the choral and orchestral effects being admirably handled. Surpliced acolytes swung silver censers before the altar, sending up clouds of aromatic incense, which floated above the altar and hung like a halo about the lights. The Mass was performed with all the elaborate ceremonies of the Church, the archbishop taking some part, and it occupied three hours. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas Fitzgerald, of Marquette College, Milwaukee, who is regarded as one of the foremost orators of the Church. A pulpit, covered with a sounding-board, was pushed to the head of the center aisle, from which he spoke. He took his text from the thirty-ninth and fortieth chapters of Ecclesiastes. It referred eulogistically to a priest who had built up and strengthened the Church of God, and with that as a text, he said:—

'The application of these passages to the present occasion, one among us, I know, will question. And, indeed, against my application of them, I venture the conviction that he is protesting even now. But I must courteously disregard this, for not another person here would doubt their application to the great and good priest in whose honor you are assembled. His humility I would not wound, but our sense of justice I must obey. Unquestionably, you will admit that the highest and truest praise that can be accorded to man is this eulogy that God himself has pronounced upon his servant. So it is a matter of very easy inference to assert that the life to which I apply them ranks among the noblest and truest lives, and that the jubilee upon which I pronounce this divine panegyric, is nobler than those of queens and princes. The praises God spoke of the priest who built his Zion are not unfittingly spoken of him who raised these walls and reared the temples near by. The priest of old prevailed to enlarge the city and obtained glory in the conversion of the people; and is the eulogy God pronounced upon him inapplicable to the man, who, a generation ago, reared upon your prairies a temple, and attracted about him a great congregation? The fitness of my scriptural panegyric may not be questioned, and my inference is that the life upon which I pronounce it is a blessed one, and the occasion itself an exceptional jubilee. I do not propose to-day

to rehearse the history of fifty years, sitting as you are in the shadow of the great monuments of that life. All about you, its story is heralded to you, and the eloquence of these dumb lips will never be forgotten, for it is the eloquence of a life spent and wasted in the cause of Christ.

'There is no more need to eulogise such a life than there is to paint the lily. It rests unchallenged in its own indescribable grace and beauty. In its nature and excellence such is, friends, the religious life that you are celebrating to-day.

'The religious man takes the triple vow of obedience, chastity, and poverty. Wherever he stands, in virtue of his vow of obedience, the religious man knows that he stands at the command of God. Whatever he attempts, he attempts by the will of God; whatever he abandons, he leaves at the voice of God. In all that he does, and wherever he goes, he recognises the voice of God calling, or sees the finger of God beckoning. Such a life is a holy life, a grand and heroic life, for its very soul is God's will. And those who have lived that life in spirit and in letter, have been saints indeed. Whether they faced cultured throngs, or went in quest of benighted savages, whether they swayed the interests of kings or preached to forest denizens, it mattered not, because they did God's will.

'Devotion to humanity is another element in the religious life, and is contained in the second vow, chastity. Strange that many who claim to make humanity their religion, despise the men who proclaim this vow. For, among the motives that prompt the religious man to stifle conjugal affections, to turn his back upon all that home means and the fireside involves, is that he may devote his life to the best interests of humanity. He leaves a carnal love for a spiritual love, a divided interest for an eternal affection, a home for one or a few for a house reared for all, eternal in the heavens. There is a perfection, a deification, for which the race is destined, and this the religious man recognises, and for it he makes his vow of chastity.

'Spent and wasted in the cause of Christ. "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and come, follow me." Invitation and counsel spoken nigh on to twenty centuries ago, and to-day you are honoring the man who, fifty years ago, accepted that invitation and embraced that counsel. Whoever embraces this vow of poverty must mean nothing more nor less than the words of Christ. The life-path can never become to him an avenue of wealth or position. This life demands, at least, poverty of spirit, but a renunciation of earthly goods is also necessary. There

are thousands who gladly, generously spring into the ranks of Christ's militia, and toil willingly to spread his kingdom. And when, as to-day, their jubilee may have come, they can point to no hoarded wealth, to no houses and lands; but, true to their life, they can point, as your priest to-day, to schools for Christ's children, to colleges for Christ's youth, to churches for Christ's people, to refuges and asylums for Christ's poor and afflicted ones. And so, what need to eulogise such a life? "He that shall leave father and mother, wife and children for my sake shall receive life eternal." In these material, treasure-seeking days of ours it has been asked, in all apparent sincerity, "Is life really worth living?" Perhaps to-day, if the old man whose fifty years of religious life go out with the setting sun would speak, he would say: "Ah yes, my life, the religious life, has been worth the living. Of others I can not, dare not, speak; but of mine I am sure. Fifty years have passed, but they are not gone; they are coming back to me, even as the sun returns in the morning; coming back rich with the harvest of which the world knows nothing. My life is richer than the world's jewels, because it is lustrous with the gleam of virtue. My fifty years are the purchase money of the blessed life to be, with the Lord."

'These words, I know, he would never say, but I can and do say them. Such a life has an infinite worth, because he for whom that strength was wasted yet lives where all that spent strength will be gathered, lives where death can never be, where bliss shall ever be—with God.'

"During the day Father Damen visited the chapels and halls of the various sodalities, each of which presented him with an address of congratulation and some token of affection and gratitude. Committees had been at work for several months preparing for the jubilee services, and it was proposed to found a hospital in honor of Father Damen, the necessary funds to be raised by subscription. But it was found that the project particularly near to his heart at this time is the establishment of a home and school for deaf and dumb boys; and so it was decided to devote the proceeds to that end. To further swell the fund, a sacred concert was arranged, which was given last night at the church, the audience numbering over a thousand. The Young Ladies' Sodality had placed a basket of flowers on the altar in honor of Father Damen, and the Married Ladies' Sodality had sent four immense floral designs, wrought in immortelles and roses, which were ranged along the chancel rail. Each bore an inscription, done in carnations; the four being: 'Welcome Reverend Father,' 'To the Founder of the Holy Family Parish,' 'Greeting from the Married Ladies' Sodality,' and 'Golden Jubilee,

Rev. A. Damen, 1837–1887.' Seated in the chancel was the committee of arrangements to the number of twenty-five, headed by W. J. Onahan and Father Higgins, the rector of the college; and on the other side sat Father Damen, accompanied by several of the Jesuit fathers. Mr. Onahan, in an intermission in the programme, came forward and read the address to Father Damen, which had been engrossed in a large red-bound volume. He began: 'Venerable and Reverend Father: On this interesting and happy occasion, the fiftieth anniversary of your admission into the Society of Jesus, the members of the parish and congregation of the Holy Family Church have attempted to show their love and veneration for you, their old-time friend, pastor and benefactor. They rejoice to see once more your well-known figure within the holy sanctuary, and to listen again to your voice, which has so often echoed in these aisles. Fifty years ago, you gave up home, family, friends, associations, and ambitions, to devote your life and talents to the service of God. The motto of the Society—*Ad majorem Dei gloriam* —became the motto of your life from that moment.' He then went on in an exhaustive account of Father Damen's work, to which he paid a glowing tribute of praise and gratitude. In response, Father Damen said: 'I am ashamed to appear before you, because I have received to-day so many compliments and congratulations which I do not think I have deserved. But my heart is full of joy for what has been done here in the past thirty years.' He then recounted the circumstances of the foundation of the church 'in a place covered with water-lilies and on a street that was rather a canal.' His narration of some of his early experiences was very humorous and excited hearty laughter. He closed with: 'To-day my heart swells in gratitude to God for the blessing he has bestowed upon our labors during the last thirty years. I never expected so much gratitude as I have received from you to-day, and I thank you very much for it.' He then pronounced the Papal benediction, permission having been specially granted for this. The exercises concluded with solemn benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament."

On Monday morning the parish of the Sacred Heart took up the celebration, and its members were present in large numbers at the solemn High Mass at 9 A. M. In the afternoon, Father Damen visited the schools of the two parishes, listened to the addresses of the children and gave them his blessing. In the evening the sodalities of the Sacred Heart parish assembled in the church and read addresses to the

venerable father, to which he responded in touching words, ending by imparting to all the apostolic benediction, which the Holy Father had empowered him to bestow.

Among the incidents of this golden jubilee celebration, which we shall all remember with pleasure, was the toast offered at dinner by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan. The sentiment was not only friendly but flattering, and was expressed with grace and scholarly elegance. About the addresses read to Father Damen by Ours, it is enough to say that they did credit to the faculty and were worthy of the occasion. Though Father Damen is not a member of this community nor a resident of this city, it was thought proper by superiors to allow him to celebrate his jubilee in the city which was the scene of his zealous work, and among the old friends and parishioners who have known and loved him for thirty years, and who saw these two parishes grow up around him with all their elaborate equipment of schools, academy and college.

Whilst the Holy Family parish was celebrating its founder's golden jubilee, it was also pushing on the work of building its *sixth* parochial school, a primary school for small girls. This, when occupied, will raise the number of children in the parochial schools of this parish alone, to about 4,800. If this is a good test of the catholicity of the parish, it must also be the greatest joy and consolation of him who established the parish, as it is of those who continue and enlarge the work so well begun.

NAPLES.

INNSBRUCK, Nov. 1st, 1887.

DEAR FATHER,

Perhaps you may be pleased to hear an account of a couple of weeks spent in Naples, during the Easter holidays of last year. The trip from Rome to Naples by express, or *direct* train, as it is called in Italy, takes nearly seven hours, though the same distance in America would be travelled in little more than half that time. The only difference that I know of between the continental express and way train, or *omnibus*, as it is termed, is that the *direct* stops often but the *omnibus* stops oftener; a mere question of degree. There is yet another train, called *direttissimo*, which scarcely stops at all, I suppose, but people with a slim purse or with a vow of poverty cannot avail themselves of its superior advantages. If there be no special reason for urgency, the frequent stoppages of the express add rather to the pleasure of the trip, as they give an opportunity to glance for a few moments at places famed in story, and familiar, in name at least, from childhood. The guard's shout at the different stations often pleasantly awakens long-dormant memories, though it requires at times considerable jogging of ideas to marshal these aright around the word that arouses them. There is Capua suggestive of accurate old Livy, with his truthful speeches, so carefully stenographed, and of Hannibal's troops rioting and feasting and preparing themselves to be an easy prey to the enemy; and of our own Cardinal Bellarmin: there is Aquino, amongst whose hills was reared the stern old scourger of Roman depravity;—where, too, was spent the childhood of one far greater than he, who sought with higher principles to set the world aright, whose immortality is reflected upon this quaint, quiet little town by the railroad station: then what a strange sensation one experiences when Monte Cassino is shouted out as prosily and as unfeelingly as you have so often heard Elysville or Ellicott City;—for the guard or conductor or whatever he be, this historic spot is nothing more than a railroad station,—as the yellow primrose to the soulless man was nothing more than a yellow primrose. But that unfeeling shout would probably cause you to revolve many memories which would force themselves upon you; and, during the brief pause at the simple station, it is more than likely that you would pop your head

out of the window of your prison to gaze, for a few moments at least, upon the great white building on the summit of the hill, or rather mountain, directly overhead on your left, the mother house of western monasticism, the nursery of saints and Christian sages, the direct or indirect instrument of all modern civilisation, the centre for centuries of light and truth, whose rays illumined the remotest corners of Christendom. And you would go back in spirit to the time when the temple of the god of the silver bow was overthrown to make way for the house of prayer and of self-sacrifice, when Benedict and his black-robed disciples burnt the sacred groves and, with their toil, converted the wilderness into a paradise: or you might think of the time when Totila came hither with his fierce Goths swarming about the foot of the mountain, pausing in his work of slaughter to see the patriarch of whom he had heard such wondrous things: or you might remember the beautiful breviary lessons about the night previous to Scholastica's death, when the storm raged so fiercely upon that ancient hill, that the unwilling monk was forced to spend the night in holy converse with his joyous sister; and you would surely give a passing thought to the numberless great men who laid the foundations of their fame within those consecrated walls: and amongst these, too, you might picture to yourself young Thomas, from the neighboring town of Aquino, wandering amongst those secluded woods, pondering over some great truth that he should one day elucidate—the ox whose bellowing was to startle the world—as the old monk of the monastery prophesied. But the same harsh voice that evoked this medley of memories, now as unfeelingly puts an end to them by shouting out "*Pronto!*" A shrill whistle from the locomotive, and Monte Cassino is gone, and other interesting places soon efface the reflections the sight of it suggested. As the traveller only enjoys a passing glance, nothing more than a passing mention, can be expected.

About half an hour before the train makes its final stop, away off on the right appears unwearying Vesuvius, like a great blast-furnace, belching forth its dark volumes of smoke into the cloudless sky; that wondrous Italian sky which poets love to sing and artists to contemplate, seen here in all the perfection of its beauty; and when darkness has settled over the city, intermittent flashes of lurid light still serve to make Vesuvius conspicuous, a veritable pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night; and like that, too, which guided and protected the Israelites in their wanderings, this also is a sign of peace and tranquillity to the surrounding inhabitants; for, as long as fire and smoke issue from the

great crater, all is well; but when these cease, earthquakes and other indefinable horrors are at hand, not unfrequently with a vast destruction of human life. It was nearly 7 o'clock P. M. when we rolled into the depot; but owing to circumstances which it would be useless to relate here, it was two hours before we found ourselves in the presence of the Provincial, Rev. Fr. Canger. He received us with extraordinary cordiality and kindness, told us that he had been expecting us for several days, and that rooms had been prepared for us at the novitiate. He communicated, by means of a telephone near his door, with the rector of the novitiate, and we set out on our final journey, under the escort of a brother whom Fr. Provincial kindly sent with us. It was agreeable for us to see Naples by night, for, like Melrose Abbey, it is the best way to see this city aright.

The first impression is an agreeable one; and the judgment is soon made that Naples is not merely the largest, but, by all odds, the finest of all the Italian cities, as cities are estimated according to modern ideas. I speak of Naples in its newer and renovated parts, for it, too, has its eyesores in the neighborhood of the Pendino and Mercato, the remnants of the older town. Wide, spacious streets, comfortable sidewalks, shady parks, a most perfect system of gas illumination are surprises after the generalisation, so natural to the human mind, has been made from the incomplete induction of other Italian towns; while the bustle and stir and business activity everywhere apparent make it difficult to realise that we are not in some prosperous commercial centre of the new world. Some of the streets, such as the Toledo, the Strada del Duomo, are equal to the best to be seen anywhere; while of the Chiaia, a magnificent drive along the shores of the famous bay, it might be modestly asked if its equal is anywhere in the great world to be found. Horse cars too, which give to every city a thoroughly American appearance (*tramvay* is the continental word and spelling), are to be seen as frequent and as crowded and as comfortable as in Boston or Philadelphia—the two cities, I believe, which contend for horse-car supremacy, each city having its champions to maintain its superior advantages, as I well remember.

If we except Milan, Naples is probably the only ancient city that has not suffered by the frenzy for Italian unity, and its accomplishment—indeed it seems to have profited considerably thereby. Rome, great in its classic memories, great as the heart of Christendom, great as the free home of Christ's Vicar, was never intended by nature to be a great modern capital; and the efforts to make it such by pulling

down and building up, are only effacing all that made it interesting and glorious, and their result must of necessity be a monotonous third or fourth-class city, just like any other city anywhere; its individuality must go: dreamy Florence, the city of poetry and of art, once the centre of a free and independent people, is nothing now but a museum, visited by those who desire to see what she has been in the past: widowed Venice, beautiful beyond description even in her too evident decay, sits mournfully by the shore, looking out upon the fickle sea, and weeping over her departed glories; and the traveller can scarcely view her without a feeling of sadness. But with Naples it is otherwise. Beautiful as Venice, in its bay; its sky as clear and its air as balmy and as genius-inspiring as that of Florence; second only to Rome in its classical memories; it has been able, moreover, to keep pace with all the requirements of modern progress: the storehouse of southern Italy on the western side, its great bay so close to the sea, forming a safe and spacious harbor and an easy outlet, it follows that, whatever progress united Italy may make, or whatever prosperity she may enjoy, the progress and prosperity of Naples must be in proportion.

These reflections were not made during that first walk through the brilliantly lighted and noisy streets; but since they are the evolution of those first impressions, they will fit in here as well as anywhere else. I should have mentioned in the beginning that the day was Palm Sunday and that, in Italy, Eastertide seems to be socially what Christmas is with us, a season of merrymaking and good cheer and of good will to all. And as with us, for a week or ten days previous, the gladness of the coming Nativity is foreshadowed, so here too the glory of the Resurrection intrudes itself upon the sorrowful week that precedes it. The streets were one blaze of light and filled with sightseers and with the interested; shop windows were gay with decorations appropriate to the season; booths and stands, with pendent smoky lamps, encumbered the sidewalks, freighted with much that was useful, and with not a little, probably, that was useless; and such as could not afford the expensive luxury of a stand, had spread their wares upon the pavement, to the best advantage to attract the eye of the curious and the purse of the credulous. All this supposes an interminable din, each one eloquently expatiating upon the superiority of his own goods and the patriotic sacrifice he was making of himself for the common weal. It was very much like what might be seen anywhere under like circumstances, and was almost the counterpart of what I had seen on Broadway, New York, one Christmas-eve, a year or two before. Like one of good

old Fr. Rodriguez's treatises, it might be confirmed with many examples. Most numerous, however, most patronised, and most interesting were the macaroni stands with their steaming caldrons; and these piles of insipid-looking tubes were being continuously converted into the tempting dish: the work of destruction kept pace with the work of formation, as in Darwin's recently exploded theory of coral reefs. Around these stands stood joyous throngs; and even they who had not wherewith to buy could, at least, feast their eyes and their nostrils on the piping odorous viands. It was a gay spectacle: there was much merriment, a great deal of shouting, and what to the uninitiated might seem to be considerable violent controversy in barter and exchange; but all this meant nothing, and the good nature that prevailed made the whole thing pleasant to behold. When we reached the novitiate, we found both the rector and minister at the door waiting to receive us. The rector and master of novices, though still a young man, spent many years of missionary life in S. America, and, on his way back to Europe, four years ago, visited several of our houses, including Woodstock. His welcome was most hearty; it seemed to be his constant thought to provide for our comfort and happiness; and the charity which he and others of his community lavished upon us so continuously can never be forgotten, and still remains the most pleasant and the most deeply prized remembrance of all that I saw and experienced in that city of such varied interest.

The novitiate is situated on the side of one of the numerous high hills which surround the city and offer such a variety of views of the lovely bay with all its historic towns and fairy islands. It is in a district called the Vomero, which, though topographically an integral part of the city, is outside the corporate limits. The house is better known as the Villa Melecrinis, as it was the private property of Fr. Melecrinis, who gave it over to the Society when it returned, after so many vicissitudes, to begin once more the Province of Naples. The novices, three of whom were priests, were twelve or thirteen in number, with about the same number of juniors, one of whom was a priest. It seems to be a peculiarity of this province that they who enter as priests go through exactly the same experience as the others. The house has received several additions as circumstances demanded and means permitted. There are now two buildings, in one of which (the former villa) live the juniors—here likewise is the chapel—in the other are the rooms of the novices and the refectory. Of course, as it was never intended for its present use, there are many drawbacks: the

chapel is very small, though neat and tidy; the refectory, recently erected, is quite a handsome room. A small patch of garden surrounds it where the scholastics recreate, high over the city, and play a very innocent game called *bocce*, which may be described, in very general and very inaccurate terms, as a species of marbles, played with large wooden balls like croquet balls. The situation is a fine one, "not quite within the busy city, nor quite beyond it," sufficiently retired for study and for prayer, and sufficiently near the stir and bustle of life to get an occasional change of phantasms. More spacious grounds, and more room within are desirable. One of the novices, a German, more probably a Frenchman, since he is from Alsace, is for the mission of New Mexico. One of the juniors, Fratello Gilbert, is a New Mexican, and Fr. Mola placed him entirely at our disposal to guide and interest us, which he did with the most unselfish devotion and painstaking charity. This poor province has suffered more probably than any other from the evil effects of the revolution. Nothing now remains to it of its once extensive property, except La Conocchia, which was repurchased a few years ago by its legitimate owners from whom it had been stolen in '60, I think, when Garibaldi and his red-shirted followers took possession of the city; yet it once more cheerfully and earnestly sets itself to work, in the face of countless difficulties, to begin again where once its fruits were so abundant: it has ever been a puzzle to me to know how these persecuted provinces in Europe managed to subsist, and particularly this poor province of Naples with no apparent means whatever at its disposal.

One of my first visits was to our former church of the Gesù where rests the body of St. Francis Girolamo. The Italian government has allowed all the other religious orders to undertake the management of the churches of which they were deprived during the revolution; but it was deemed impolitic to extend this act of justice to the Jesuits; so that our Gesù still remains in the hands of the secular clergy. The Neapolitans are very proud of this church, and justly too, though I could hardly agree with them that it is finer than its magnificent namesake in Rome. It is much larger, but its proportions do not seem to be as perfect, nor is it so devotional nor so refined in its decorations as the Roman Gesù, nor so bright: it lacks an undefinable something, cheerful and pleasing to the eye—probably the *lucidity* so much in vogue with a certain class of modern writers—which the Roman church possesses in a high degree. It is rich in marbles, in decorations and in paintings by famous masters, as Solimena, Lanfranco, and Luca Giordano. The last

named, the painter of the Calling of St. Matthew in the rector's room at Georgetown, has left behind him in Naples many evidences of his skill and of his marvellously rapid execution: his works are to be met with everywhere, frescoes and paintings. The original cupola, destroyed by an earthquake in 1688, was enriched by a famous fresco of Lanfranco: the cupola was rebuilt, but the fresco was lost to art. On the right of the high altar, a very fine piece of work, is the large chapel of St. Francis Girolamo, whose body rests in a bronze casket beneath the altar. The decorations of the chapel, mostly bronze and silver, are very bold and striking, though the chapel is too obscure to be seen to good advantage. Ours still do some labor in the church; preaching, hearing confessions, etc., but this is owing to the good will of the clergy who now have control. Adjoining the Gesù is the old professed house, with relics of St. Francis Girolamo, and a few drops of the blood of St. Aloysius which is said to liquefy occasionally, as in the miracle of St. Januarius. The Gesù was ours until 1860.

Previous to the Suppression, we had another church, near the Royal Palace, dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, which had the honor of being the first temple consecrated in his name. After the Suppression, when Ours were no more, the church was rechristened in honor of St. Ferdinand, doubtless as a compliment to King Ferdinand then ruler of Naples. The kings of the two Sicilies have long since disappeared from history, but the compliment remains, for the church yet bears the name of St. Ferdinand, though the pictures and statuary still give evidence of its origin, and the picture of St. Francis Xavier over the high altar tells of its first dedication. It seemed to be a favorite church with the provincial, Rev. Fr. Conger, who spent much of his free time in one of its confessionals. He is a relative of Fr. Piccirillo, and the family resemblance in his spirit of industry and readiness for all kinds of work, as well as in his whole-souled kindliness of manner, is very striking. His fame as a preacher is great, not merely in Naples, but throughout Italy; and he has extraordinary zeal besides for that work. I had the pleasure of hearing him preach the Three Hours' Agony on Good Friday. During the previous week he had given a mission to some pious congregation of men, and he had moreover to preach on Holy Saturday the Three Hours' Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin in some other church. The Three Hours' Agony was preached in the church of St. Ferdinand, which was thronged by a great crowd attracted by the fame of the speaker. He was very eloquent, solid and rhetorical. But the effort was too much for him after

his labor of the week previous, and the *magro stretto* which he could not be induced to forego that morning. After the preaching he fainted in the sacristy and had to be taken home in a carriage. When I visited him next morning, I found him confined to his bed regretting his inability to preach three more hours that afternoon, and not yet fully convinced that he should not make the effort. I believe it required the positive order of the physician to quiet him.

Though without a church and deprived of the colleges that were formerly ours, two other colleges have been started within recent years with considerable success, one boarding-school, La Conocchia, and another day-school, the Collegio Valente, as it is called from its rector, the brother of our Fr. Valente of by-gone years in Woodstock. La Conocchia has a charming situation on one of the city's many beautiful hills, and from almost any of its windows an extensive view of the city and the bay and the volcano can be had. It belonged to the Society before '48 and was then used as a house of retreat for seculars. It was taken from us during that unhappy period, but was given back after order had been restored. It was then used as a novitiate until '60, when it was once more confiscated by the second outbreak and sold by the government. A few years ago it was again purchased by its original and legitimate proprietors, and is now a flourishing boarding-school. It is not large, and its receiving capacity is consequently limited. It is very well arranged for school purposes, very clean, and very comfortable. The two upper stories are occupied by dormitories for the boys; the second by private rooms and the domestic chapel; the first by parlors, private rooms, class-rooms, the boys' refectory, etc. The refectory is a very handsome room, high, well lighted, spacious, and paved with a very excellent glazed tile, which looks almost as brilliant as mosaic. The dormitories especially pleased me: they are high and airy, and very well arranged. The alcoves are separated from each other, not by curtains, as is customary with us when even that much privacy is tolerated, but by wooden partitions; the upper half of the door of this recess is of wire, thus offering a good view to the perambulating prefect. I found here an ingenious contrivance for preserving discipline which may be a lesson for us, and may show us at the same time how we may borrow ideas from foreigners even in that which we are wont to consider our own special line. These doors are so arranged that when once locked after bed time they can indeed be opened by the indweller, if it be necessary for him to get up during the night; but their opening, by means of an electric apparatus, sets a bell ringing over

the dreaming head of the prefect in his room, and it keeps on ringing until the door is locked again ; but the interesting part of it is (for all except the poor prefect) that the custodian of law and order can alone close that door tight again, so that *nilly willy* he is obliged to get up, unless he can brave that incessant tinkling, and restore things to their normal state. It would, of course, be inconvenient if each boy took it into his head to get up in regular rotation during the night, and I do not know how the poor prefect would manage with some of our yearly epidemics; but as I heard nothing but praise of the system, I suppose these inconveniences have not yet been experienced. Fr. De Augustinis was rector here when he was called to take Cardinal Mazzella's place at the Gregorian University. I do not know how many boys are in the college, but my impression is that they have as many as their circumscribed limits will permit. These boys are of the best families, and the college is the substitute for the old Collegio dei Nobili.

The Collegio Valente in the Largo Avellino is for day-scholars only ; though I think they had a few boarders too who could not find room at La Conocchia. The students are about four hundred. The *collegio* is nothing but a private residence, accommodated to college purposes, with what success you may judge from the number of boys. I met there two old professors of mine, and of others, of course, in Woodstock in the happy past, Fr. Piccirelli and good Fr. Valente. Fr. Piccirelli is hale and hearty, and has acquired much flesh during the intervening years. Poor Fr. Valente was just recovering from a severe spell of sickness that had greatly wasted and enfeebled him. He was still confined to his room, though sitting up, and for several weeks had been unable to offer up the holy sacrifice. Both of these good fathers, as all their old friends will readily believe, were exceedingly kind to us, and made many interested inquiries concerning their former friends in the province. Fr. Valente's continuous regret was his inability to accompany us himself to show us the geological wonders of this volcanic region, in which he knew us to be much interested ; so that, in consequence, our trip, geologically, cannot be considered a success ; it was fortunate for us that Naples had other points of interest besides stones and strata, since thus the excursion was saved from being a complete failure. With Fr. Piccirelli and two nephews of Fr. Valente, we enjoyed a pleasant drive in the vicinity of Mt. Vesuvius. On the way we visited a shrine famous in these parts, the Madonna dell'Arco. It is quite a large, handsome church, and principally remarkable for the number and quality of its *ex votos*.

These *ex votos*, representing some extraordinary interference of divine Providence in favor of human faith and infirmity, are to be met with everywhere in Catholic countries, around some favored altar or much honored shrine. Sometimes it is a picture, inspired by faith rather than by art, with the history of the miracle narrated below in decidedly simple language; sometimes it is the representation of a limb that was cured of its wound or paralysis; sometimes it is a picture of the patron saint of the shrine, presented by the grateful recipient of heavenly favors, with his name and the date of the miracle; sometimes, too, one finds articles of great value, gold watches, diamond rings, rich chains, sparkling bracelets, etc., which have all been left there in the first outburst of enthusiastic thankfulness. But the interior of the Madonna dell'Arco is literally covered with these mementos. From the ceiling, crutches and invalid chairs are suspended; the walls are invisible for the abundance of offerings, and the large altar of our Blessed Lady in the centre of the church is encumbered with pictures, statuettes, and representations of every species of bodily infirmity. On the walls were hanging five or six grim-looking coffins, which, I suppose, had been rendered unnecessary by our Blessed Lady's powerful intercession. You soon realise that you are in a land of strong, simple faith, where people make their appeals to heaven never doubting, and where, in consequence, miracles are of no infrequent occurrence; and, with the regular periodic marvels to be seen twice a year in the cathedral of Naples, which even scoffing science acknowledges to be beyond its *present* ken, one is ready to believe anything here in the supernatural order. The pleasant little town of San Giorgio is not far distant from the church of the Madonna dell'Arco, and in very dangerous proximity to the whimsical volcano. Not many years since, perhaps about 25, there was a violent eruption of Vesuvius, and the molten lava came slowly down the steep incline, burning and destroying all that came in its way; and San Giorgio, at the foot of the mountain, lay directly in its destroying path. There was of course great consternation in the little town, it seemed inevitable that San Giorgio should share the fate of Herculaneum, and many sought refuge in flight, and began to transport their movables to a place of safety. There is plenty of time for all this, for the lava travels very slowly. It occurred to some one that St. George should take some interest in the town named after him, and a procession was formed with the statue of the saint slaying the dragon in front. Was it not as easy to stay the too real lava in its course of destruction as to slay the mythical dragon? Up the mountain-side

the procession wended towards the crawling fiery monster, and the statue was placed at a safe distance from the threatened town. Now the fact is, explain it as you may, that the lava, instead of keeping on down the slope, as the laws of nature—as far at least as they are known—would seem to require, actually turned aside at the base of the statue, and went off in another direction, leaving San Giorgio once more victor in his fight with the fire-breathing monster; and the town was saved. You can still see the spot where the lava deflected instead of continuing its onward course, and the unbeliever will have some difficulty in accounting for this phenomenon.

It will soon be clear to the visitor to Naples that the people are full of faith. Pictures and statues of the Blessed Virgin are to be seen at every corner, with their lamps burning before them; and during Holy Week, the sidewalk was freely occupied by temporary altars representing Calvary, and adorned with numerous candles and bunches of fresh flowers. Nearly everybody uncovers his head as he passes before the sacred images. Some years ago the city government which was liberal, that is to say irreligious, had these pictures and statues removed, as æsthetic blemishes to the city; but when the cholera broke out two years since, the people hung up once more these symbols of their confidence, and the government has not since judged it prudent to interfere, as after all, æsthetic blemishes are not so disastrous as a riot would be. Before the Suppression, our college was the present university, a great, gloomy building in inconvenient proximity to the older part of the town. It is now a free-thinking establishment, and the centennial of our suppression was celebrated by a memorial slab "to Clement XIV for having abolished the Soc. of Jesus." This inscribed malice is placed over the principal entrance, and one, on seeing it, does not know whether to be indignant at its wickedness and hypocrisy, or amused at its childish fatuity. After the restoration a new college was built in the newer and finer part of the city, not far from the great museum, and close by the church of the Gesù. It is a large, handsome building, fronting on a beautiful square—the Piazza Dante, if I remember aright—and is a fine situation. It is now, like the Roman College, a government lyceum.

It would be a folly to visit Naples without seeing Pompeii, only three quarters of an hour away by train, and therefore we went to Pompeii. However, I was surprised to find that some of our Neapolitan fathers had never seen that interesting relic of antiquity. Of course the folly mentioned above has no application in their case, since they are not to be

classed under the head of visitors to Naples. It would be entirely out of place for me to say anything here of the interesting city that has been and is still being exposed to the light of day, after two thousand years of buried isolation; so I shall pass it by. But a few minutes walk from the silent city there is another famous shrine to the Madonna di Pompeii. It consists of a very splendid church erected to the honor of the Blessed Virgin. It is a pious offering of a gentleman who was converted from infidelity, some five or six years ago, through the intercession of our Blessed Lady; and he and his pious wife have adopted this means of offering a splendid testimonial of gratitude to our Blessed Mother. The church was not yet completed while we were there, but a few months later it was consecrated by Cardinal Monaco La Valetta, who went from Rome in the name of the Pope, and was received with the wildest enthusiasm in Naples and the towns *en route*. This beautiful church has already its history of many miracles, and seems to be a second Lourdes. The high altar of marble and precious stones is superb; and when finished it promises to be one of the richest and most magnificent in Italy. It is the centre of a pious association with branches throughout the world; and a periodical devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin is published there.

Easter Sunday was ushered in with a deafening clanging of bells, and a furious popping of fire crackers that shook one's nerves. There gunpowder is the legitimate sign of enthusiasm, and it certainly is an effective one. Enormous fire crackers are strung across the street after the manner of our campaign banners during election time; they are made to bear a distant resemblance to an old woman, and are quite as bulky; they are called *Quaresima*, which might be translated Mrs. Lent, and all morning these *quaresime* are popping their glad farewells all over the city. In the new order of things, religious processions through the streets are forbidden, except on one or two occasions yearly, on which it was found that the Neapolitans would not allow themselves to be coerced. But the Vomero, not being within the city limits municipally, still continues the old customs, and they gave us an opportunity to witness a very singular spectacle. About noon a procession passed the gate of the novitiate, headed by a brass band playing a funeral dirge; then followed the procession with statues of St. John, St. Mary Magdalen and the Blessed Virgin, carried on the shoulders of the devout. The Blessed Virgin was dressed in deep mourning. This procession is on its way to meet another, in which, preceded by a band playing joyous airs, is carried the statue of the risen Saviour. When

the two processions meet, a string, attached to the sable garments of the Blessed Virgin, is pulled and she appears in rich attire sparkling with jewelry. At the same time a number of little birds, concealed in the folds of her dress, are liberated, and fly heavenward; symbolising, I suppose, the heavenly freedom won for us by Christ's death and resurrection. Then the two processions unite and proceed with soul-stirring music to a church.

I attended services in the cathedral on Holy Saturday and Easter Sunday. On the former day, the revered cardinal assisted at the High Mass, which he himself celebrated on Easter Sunday. The canons of this church have the unusual privilege of wearing the mitre and pectoral cross, and the sight that was presented in the vast sanctuary by all these mitred heads, and by the hundred seminarians in their violet cassocks trimmed with red, was very impressive. It was to be regretted that our visit did not coincide with either of the miraculous liquefactions of the blood of St. Januarius. However, through the kindness of Fr. Mola, we procured permission to visit the treasury of the sacristy, with its forty or fifty statues of saints, including St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier, all life-size and of solid silver, together with numberless other precious objects which, for centuries, kings and potentates, not excepting the present ruler of Italy, have presented to this miraculous chapel.

This letter has already passed all reasonable limits, and yet, at the risk of increasing it considerably, I must relate in detail the experiences of one day spent in the environs of Naples. I would like to tell you of the despoiled Carthusian convent of San Martino, now a government museum, with its treasures of art and its transporting panorama, which gives a significant meaning to the saying: "See Naples and die!" I would like also to describe the monastery of the Camalduli, still in possession of the white-clad monks, with its view of the Mediterranean and the two bays of Naples and Gaeta; but these must be passed over. One thing I witnessed in the latter monastery, which edified me greatly, I shall here mention. The cardinal of Naples is a Benedictine, and frequently retires to the monastery for rest and recreation. His rest and recreation consist in living for a few days exactly the life of a monk. He has his own cell with its three rooms just like the others. We visited this cheerless cell with its pleasant little vegetable garden in front. One room is for study and sleeping, the other is an oratory with an altar on which to offer up the holy sacrifice, and the third room is a workshop. The sleeping room contains a table with a few religious books,

one chair, and a bed which is more like a rough sofa with coarse covering. Over this rude couch was a crucifix and a photograph of the cardinal, who had written beneath, these words: "Cella mihi cœlum—Hic requies mea." Such is the spirit of this Italian nobleman and prince of the Church, whose name is a household word in Italy for good deeds and fearless charity. His labors during the cholera scourge a few years ago are known throughout the world; and in his countenance one can discern that indefinable sweetness and gentleness which seem to be the accompaniment of a blameless and saintly life.

But what I cannot bring myself to omit is an expedition we made, in company with the Rev. Rector, the fathers and the juniors of the novitiate. The juniors have a grand excursion yearly during the Easter holidays, and so we were fortunately able to make it this year in their edifying company. We started at 6 A. M. and less than an hour found us standing before the tomb of the Mantuan bard, reading the long lapidary inscription in honor of him who had sung so well of "pascua, rura, duces." The tomb is in a very dirty corner of a very dusty road, close by a tunnel still in use which the enterprising Cumæans constructed centuries ago, to shorten the road between Cumæ and Parthenope. Poor Virgil! there is but little beauty around the spot which holds his cinerary urn, and, it is hard to write it, but the place is not worth a visit; yet even the guide books which provoke you to visit the places which his genius only has immortalised, seek to dissuade the traveller from going to pay reverence to his dust. From Virgil's tomb the steam tram, or narrow gauge, carries you in twenty minutes to Lake Agnano; or rather to its site, for it has long since been drained and is now a fertile field. Here one can understand why Virgil chose this neighborhood for his entrance to the infernal regions. The whole country around for many miles is volcanic and perforated with caves and dens; even the ground beneath your feet is honeycombed, and gives forth a hollow sound when you stamp upon it vigorously; there are also noxious exhalations of boiling sulphureous water, and ammoniac and carbonic gas everywhere: here too is a partially extinct volcano, Astroni, from which smoke still issues, though unaccompanied by flame. The sensation is not pleasant, to walk over this crust of earth that might give way at any moment and land you in the centre of all these boiling chemicals. From Lake Agnano, an hour's good walking brought us to Pozzuoli, the Puteoli of the ancients, where St. Paul tarried seven days on his way to Rome. This quiet little town by the sea is probably older than

Rome itself, and is only a shadow of what it has been. Its ruins attest its past magnificence; its great amphitheatre and its imposing temple to the Egyptian god, Serapis, are quite as vast as anything to be seen in the Roman forum. Its inhabitants now live principally on fish and tourists—Americans preferred—not indeed that the good people manifest any cannibal propensities, nor that fish is their exclusive diet; in fact I do not know that they ever eat of it; but the fish they catch and sell, and the generous tourist who desires to sail upon the beautiful bay they catch and sell too, and bleed unmercifully, even though metaphorically; and the guide books give long instructions as to what you must do to escape this tropical butchery. In Pozzuoli is a mountain which sprang up in a single night, during a volcanic eruption, burying several villages that stood upon the site. It is called New Mountain, though its three centuries of existence would seem to merit for it another name by this time. It was in this town that St. Januarius was martyred, and in the cathedral is preserved the marble slab upon which he was executed. The dark blood-spots are discernible, and, strange to relate, these too liquefy at the same time in which the miracle takes place in the cathedral of Naples. Many witnesses testify to this, and it is too easy of verification to be asserted without foundation.

From Pozzuoli we went, some by land, others by water, to Lake Lucrinus, once so dear to the Epicurean on account of its famous conchylia. I chose the water route to see still more of the lovely bay that never tires. Lago Lucrino is nothing but a pond a few yards from the sea, with which it is connected by a narrow channel, and I might liken it to that pond near the boat house at St. Inigo's except that the Lucrine pond is about ten times longer. It is now oysterless, and is merely a fish preserve. Ten minutes' walk towards the interior brings you to the shores of Lake Avernus, a chilly looking body of colorless water. If I might venture here to make another comparison, I will liken it to our ice-pond at Woodstock, multiplied by twenty. These similitudes may knock all the poetry out of places that we have been accustomed to cover with a halo of romance, but it makes very little difference whether the poetry is forced to go before seeing or describing; and it adds to the poet's fame that out of so little he was able to make so much. What genius needs must be his who could make our Woodstock ice-pond the subject of one of the most thrilling books of a great epic! Though a cheerless, desolate-looking spot, Avernus is not as horrible as the poet has depicted it; and

in defiance of its name, birds fly around and over it fearlessly—a fact which, for truth's sake, I thought it worth while to note. By the side of the lake is one of the many caves which claim to have been the *antrum sibyllæ* — a long, dark tunnel, wherein nothing is to be seen except the damp walls under the ghastly light of the guide's resin torch. This gentleman entertains you with a long history of Virgil, Æneas, the Sibyl, and even of the grim old ferryman, his predecessor in the conducting business; but his information was very inexact, and it was evident that he had never thumbed the original documents, and I found him unequal to a mild cross-examination. His only certainty was, that all four of these worthies no longer played a part in the drama of life, but the when, how, why, and wherefore, he could not account for satisfactorily. From the Sibyl's cave we retraced our steps along the shores of Avernus and back over the country to Lago Lucrino. The part of the Bay of Naples near Lago Lucrino is called the Golfo di Baia; it is a back-water of the Golfo di Napoli, almost semicircular, with Pozzuoli for one of its extremes, while the other is Capo Miseno, so called after Æneas' unfortunate trumpeter—

> quo non præstantior alter
> Aere ciere viros Martemque accendere cantu.

About half an hour's ramble along the shore brought us to what were the ruins, the melancholy ruins, of the once splendid and festive Baiæ. It is now called Baia, but it is merely a name; not a human dwelling stands on this charming spot; nothing is to be seen but the crumbling remnants of its past magnificence. The waves sweep over its once splendid palaces, plainly visible beneath the limpid surface; and along the shore are seen the ruins of princely villas and of gorgeous temples, and beneath your feet are strewn broken marble pillars with elaborately chiselled capitals. It is a scene of utter desolation; and one wonders why that loveliest portion of that lovely bay has never been resuscitated. Is it that God's curse has fallen upon it for the excesses of which it was the witness and the occasion in pagan times? However that may be, all that is left of *liquidæ* Baiæ is a mere pile of stones washed by the ruthless and ever-encroaching sea. I had remembered from my classical days the discussions of learned commentators about the precise meaning of *liquidæ* as applied to Baiæ, whether it referred to the sky above or to the sea beneath, rivalling it in azure beauty, or to the balminess of its invigorating climate; and as I stood upon the ruins, I wondered if it did not mean, neither more nor less, what we more pro-

saically would call—watering-place. I know its simplicity and obviousness are opposed to this interpretation, but the place itself suggested it, and the word, without violence, seems suited to express it. From Baiæ, or Baia, we returned to Pozzuoli in a great yawl, steered by two stout marines with a strange tongue and yet stranger ideas concerning the classic interest of the country with which they were so familiar. One of them began to relate to us the old, old story of Virgil, Æneas and the Sibyl, with variations. To our inquiries concerning the present whereabouts of the Sibyl, he said he did not know, because he was a sailor, but, for fuller information, referred us to the guide, whom we had already found so unreliable.

Thus ended a very delightful excursion, though by no means the end of all the beautiful things we saw in Naples; and here also, to your relief, must end my letter. From the *brief* outline herein given, you will readily understand how full of interest and pleasure is a stay in Naples: indeed, after Rome—*cui nihil simile aut secundum*—no city, I think, can charm so much. I take this opportunity of repeating what I have said already, that the pleasantest of all my remembrances of *bella* Napoli, so well called thus, is the kind charity of the good fathers there; of Fr. Canger, the Provincial, who gave us such a hearty welcome to his province, of Fr. Mola, the Rector of the novitiate, who cared for us as he cares for his own novices, ever planning some fresh enjoyment, and anticipating our every comfort, and of Mr. or Fratello Gilbert, who sacrificed himself so unsparingly for our sakes. Other names might be mentioned; but if I began, where should I end? and on account of our special relations with the three named, it seemed quite proper to mention them: indeed it might seem ungrateful not to do so.

Yours in Xt.,

* * *

ALABAMA.

SELMA, ALA., June 7th, 1887.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

As you have repeatedly asked me for fuller details about the missions of Selma, I will try to satisfy your curiosity. You will have to be patient, for I wish you to accompany me in spirit on one of my round trips. As almost all my excursions are alike, with here and there a few incidents to vary the monotony, you will have a thorough knowledge of my doings during the two years I spent here; and also a knowledge of the doings of Fr. R. I. Holaind, during almost five years. He was my worthy predecessor; in fact the first one to begin this kind of work in this part of the country. He now teaches Ethics and Natural Right in Woodstock College, Md.

Before we start, as you are not well acquainted with the South, let me give you a few general notions of the State of Alabama.

The population of the state was in 1880, as I see in the official census, 1,262,505 souls; 662,185 whites, 600,320 colored. Since then the population of the state has greatly increased, owing to immigration from all parts of the States. This is due to its great mineral wealth, which is developing rapidly. Coal and iron abound in the northern half of the state. To give you an idea of this growth, I have but to mention Birmingham, which, ten years ago, was an insignificant little town with two blast-furnaces and a rolling-mill, and now counts according to rumors, exaggerated of course, 80,000 people. Besides Birmingham, there are several other new, *brand-new*, towns growing up rapidly all over the northern part of the state; the chief ones are Anniston, Sheffield and Bessemer: old towns, such as Decatur, Gadston, Huntsville, Tuscaloosa, Talladega and Brierfield, have more than doubled their population within the last six or seven years. All these towns have built blast-furnaces, some have as many as four; factories keep coming in, and saw-mills are to be found every few miles along the railroads; much lumber, especially long-leafed pine which is considered of superior quality, is shipped to the North.

Before this new start of iron-ore and coal mines, cotton and corn were the main products. As an agricultural state,

Alabama does not rank very high in the South. Of course there are large tracts of very fertile land, as, for instance, the Tennessee valley, which extends from East to West across the whole northern part of the state; and the Black-Belt or Cane-Brake, as it is called, comprising the central part of the state from East to West is considered as good farming land as any in the United States. Many hundreds of hands, mostly negroes, are employed in railroad building. Owing to these new industries, farmers are short of hands, have to pay higher wages, make shorter crops and pay the same taxes.

Mobile, formerly the chief town, with a population of about 30,000 souls, and its immediate neighborhood, was peopled by Spaniards, successively reinforced by Frenchmen and, later on, by Germans. The two former races are blended nowadays with the Americans; the Germans keep their distinctive nationality. In the valley of the Tennessee, there are here and there scattered groups of Germans. The rest of the state was formerly settled by Virginians. Of course, there are Irishmen all over the state; these came in rapidly of late. One of the prettiest and richest parts was granted by the government in 1817 to a French settlement, refugees from Martinique during the insurrection of the slaves in that island in 1816.

The general features of the country are made up of hills and dales. In the north-eastern part, the hills are quite high. The people call them mountains; but I can never make up my mind that it is so; these hills are not over five hundred or six hundred feet above the level of the dale below. Further south, and in the whole of the western part, the hills vary from one hundred to three hundred feet in height, though steep enough, and separated by narrow and irregular valleys.

There are several water courses: the Tennessee River, which is navigable; the Coosa, rising in the extreme North West of Georgia, becomes navigable a few miles before it enters Alabama and remains so for about one hundred and fifty miles; it then becomes impassable, owing to cascades and rocks, until it is joined, a few miles above Montgomery, the capital of the state, by the Tallapoosa, coming also from Georgia. From this junction springs the Alabama River, navigable down to Mobile. Before reaching Mobile, about seventy miles north of that city, the Alabama River is overtaken by the Tombigbee, famous in negro songs, and both form what is called the Mobile River; this name is kept until its waters are swallowed up by Mobile Bay which, in its turn, is lost in the Gulf of Mexico. The Tombigbee is

navigable almost all the way from Demopolis to Mobile; and sometimes, at high water, from Tuscaloosa.

The educational system is carried out well in this state; the teachers are competent and well paid. There is not a hamlet which has not its public school. In towns, these schools are considered superior educational institutions. I do not recollect to have entered a house or even a hut of white people without finding a local newspaper, and frequently Northern papers, sectarian papers of course. Besides the public schools, there are many normal schools and sectarian colleges and seminaries, as they call them; some for boys, others for girls. I do not know of any mixed college or seminary in this part of the country. Talladega has a large negro school where preachers and teachers are educated. It is supported by the funds of Northern Evangelical Union societies.

The religious denominations are numerous; the Baptists and Methodists are about of equal strength, and, I think, form five-eighths of the whole population. These sects are much at variance with each other, even where they have the same name; the only time when they agree, as everywhere else, is when there is question of something against the Catholic Church. There are here Free Baptists, Hard-shell Baptists, and other Baptists; Free Methodists, Protestant Episcopal Methodists South, Independent Methodists, Primitive and Zion Methodists. The Episcopalians are not numerous; the better class of people belong to this church, some to the High, others to the Low Church. They call themselves Catholics; I have sometimes been misled by this name; they call us Romanists when they mean well, and Papists when they talk slang. Presbyterians are, after the Baptists and Methodists, the most numerous denomination and the bitterest against the Catholics. Lutherans and other sects are not numerous. Jews are everywhere all over the state, and in great numbers relatively to the population; they thrive here. They render me great services, and I feel at ease with them. They come from the European German countries.

The prospects of converting Alabama are not great at present, especially in the country, and in towns where there is no resident priest. I am acquainted with many Protestants; I aim at getting in with them, mingling with them, speaking with them on indifferent subjects, and soon, one way or another, the conversation turns on religion: they open it on that subject; I have but to answer their questions; it happens in quite a natural way; no strain, no fuss, no quarrel, all is done in the ordinary way of conversation.

When they hear of the tenets of the Catholic creed, of the age of the Church and the number of its adherents, they open their eyes in amazement; my seeming good nature engenders confidence in them and they speak out their ideas on the Church, the priests and the Jesuits. Queer ideas they are indeed, and though they are on serious matter, they tickle and amuse me very much; even educated people have such odd notions about us. Such conversations give me an occasion of offering them a book (usually the *Faith of Our Fathers*, or the *Catholic Belief*) which will tell them all about Catholics. They accept the book and assure me it will be read carefully. When I have no book of the kind with me, I send them one by mail on the first occasion. Of course these books are given to keep and the recipient is asked to pass them to his friends, if any seem willing to learn of us. Over three hundred copies were thus distributed by me to Protestants. They will bring fruit sooner or later; at least they will remove prejudices. The effects of reading such books are clearly seen in my subsequent visits; people receive me with more cordiality, have numerous questions to ask, and, in some cases, they relate with zest how they have shut up such or such a preacher speaking in an abusive and false manner of the Catholic Church and its ministers.

Within the last two years I received seventeen converts into the Church; they were exceptions; some married to Catholics, others about to be married to Catholics—I do not exact so much of these; and others who gave satisfactory signs of perseverance either on account of their superior education or other circumstances. My principle is to be slow in making converts in places like these, where they cannot be well instructed nor visited frequently. There are several persons on a fair way to conversion; if they prove worthy, they will be received in due time.

As for the colored people outside the cities, I really do not know what we can do for them at present. According to researches and computations made by Father Holaind in 1886, there were 6,752,813 negroes, and among those six millions and a half, we cannot claim more than 100,000. They are altogether a fickle and unprincipled set of beings, and enthusiastic only over their shoutings and night meetings, which, in country places, are far from being moral, and farther still from being Christian assemblages. To a certain extent the same may be said of the camp-meetings of the different sects. I cannot reveal what I know, but it makes one blush to think that Christianity should be so abused and made an occasion of evil rather than of good.

The Catholics are not numerous in Alabama nor in the

neighboring states—Georgia and Mississippi; yet both these states count a greater percentage than Alabama. I cannot at present ascertain the exact number, but I should think it much to say 15,000. Outside of Mobile and its immediate vicinity, there are about 1,500 Catholics in Montgomery; there must be more in Birmingham; but it is impossible even to guess the number at present, as the population is of recent date, and many that work in factories and in public works do not show themselves to be Catholics, especially those who are engaged in the iron line; they seem as hard as the metal they handle, and they do not usually show off their faith in words, and still less in conduct. Apart from these three places, there are not to be found in any town over 250 members of the true Church. Selma does not count quite 250; after Selma, the town that counts most is probably Tuscaloosa, that showed up, some time past, 16 families; then come Anniston, Decatur, Huntsville, Gadston, Eufaula, Demopolis and Greensboro, that count four Catholic families each; and then the number diminishes until it reaches its minimum—one family in a town—and sometimes only the father or the mother belong to our Church. Then, there is Talladega, a flourishing town of 5,000 souls that has not a single Catholic. It is strange, but it is a fact; I am well acquainted with the place. Leaving out Mobile, there is one Catholic for every 200 inhabitants.

This perhaps is the place to tell you how to account for this small number of the faithful. As mentioned above, the former settlers of the state were for the greater part from Virginia; they did not bring in a Catholic element, and this is the chief reason. The priests also have always been scarce in this diocese, though it dates from 1826, and unfortunately some of them, especially those in the country—Well, they were not a credit to the Catholic priesthood—a fact which this set of hypocrites turned to advantage against the Church. Thus, they were not influential with Protestants. There was nothing to arouse their better nature, nothing to give them enthusiasm; and frequently the trouble they took was little appreciated and apparently of little avail—enough to abate their fervor. Their income was necessarily small and their expenses relatively large, caused by the long journeys they had to undertake to visit their people. These, being poor, rather expected help from the priest than to give him any; thus there was dissatisfaction on both sides. Hence there were no converts; these are made more by example than by preaching; besides they require long and assiduous care, good and solid training in the principles of our faith, and, most of all, the grace of God on the priest's efforts.

The Catholics themselves fell off, some few through formal apostasy, and others—and many they were and are now—through a lingering indifference, died a slow death to the true faith.

You must know that almost all the Catholics that settled in Alabama were of the poorer class of people, badly instructed and frequently not able to repel the attacks they had to encounter from the sophistry of the preachers and of their neighbors. These Catholics came on, one by one, or two by two; they were employed at some public work and settled near by. Many were single men, who got entangled with Protestant women whom they made their wives. The great loss, however, was due, and is due yet, to neglecting the children. Even where the father and the mother were good Catholics, the children, in most cases, became Protestants. The temptation was too great; they wanted to go with other children; they went with them to their meeting-houses and their Sunday-schools, and naturally they became Protestants. The parents, most likely, in such cases protested, but you know enough of American children to realise how much they heeded the protest. In some few cases of my personal experience, parents regret, so they say, that there is no Catholic church in the neighborhood, as they and their children have to go to Protestant churches if they want to go to church at all. They are of opinion that in such cases there is no harm, that it is even better than to stay home; besides, they add, the preachers teach good things; for instance, they tell the people not to steal, not to curse, not to drink and, above all, to have faith, pure faith in Jesus. You can imagine my indignation at such talk. This state of things grieved me often. The remedy is to visit these people frequently. Must we give up and not resist? It would not do. Some few may fall, no matter how much we exert ourselves, but the greater number will remain faithful.

It is my firm conviction that if years back—say fifty or sixty—a priest had gone about as Fr. Holaind did, and as I do at present, we should have several thousands of members that are now lost. I could count, in the district under my charge, from four to five thousand children and grand-children that should naturally be Catholics. Even with the data I have, without making it a point to find them out, I can count several thousand lost ones. The loss to the Church in the country is greater than one would imagine at first, and unfortunately the loss in cities is considerable too, especially amongst young men. I fear many a priest will have a long purgatory on this account. Of course the priests *do their duty;* but this duty of theirs is understood in their

own way and not in its objective value and obligation. In some dioceses the number of converts does not at all come up to the number of those who fall away. You will say that I am a Pessimist. Would to God I were! It is true, on the whole, that the Catholics augment in this country in an increasing ratio; but this is due more to generation and immigration than to conversion.

Another great drawback to the conversion of Protestants (I do not speak of their prejudices, nor of the bad faith of the preachers) is the fact that the Catholics, in the country places and in the great majority of the cities, are of the humbler and poorer class—servant girls, laborers and mechanics; aristocratic people (there are many such here, though it is a republic) consider it beneath their dignity to belong to the church of these despicable *foreign paupers*. The priests themselves in their attire—the result either of want or of careless and blameful negligence, and in some cases of uncouth manners—do not impress one favorably, and often repel respectable Protestants. Such are, it seems to me, some of the causes of the small number of Catholics in Alabama.

But brighter prospects are before this diocese. We have a young, energetic and saintly bishop, Rt. Rev. Jeremiah O'Sullivan, an untiring and zealous worker. He is doing his very best to increase the number of his priests, and to help them in every way. He looks to every detail; encourages the good and is firm with the bad. The people, as a general thing, are neither bad nor ill-disposed, and apparently the acceptable time, the time of harvest, is at hand. If we were to exert ourselves and go to the trouble and expense Ours go to in other parts of the world, we would most likely reap a big crop. Now more than ever there is need of watchfulness and care on account of immigration. Our life here has neither the charms nor the poetry of a foreign mission amongst the heathen, but it has some of its realities, enough to satisfy the cravings and the zeal of an ordinary Jesuit.

Now, dear father, after this summary view of the state of affairs in Alabama, you can accompany me on one of my trips with clearer notions and more satisfaction.

We are in Selma. But where is Selma? What is it? How did we get here? Well, Selma is a little town in the very centre of Alabama on the north-west bank of the Alabama River. It is now a dull, dead little place, having not as yet felt the effects of *the boom* in the state. It will soon feel it, for it has all that nature could give to make it a wealthy and prosperous town. The current of the boom did not

come this way as yet, owing to some few rich men, who find it more profitable to have it all their own way than to let in any competitor. Their way is to lend out money, at the legal rate of eight per cent, to the planters and farmers; yet when these borrow, for instance $100.00, only $80.00 are given them. The population of Selma is about 10,000 souls of whom I guess 4,000 are colored people.

Before and during the war of secession, Selma had several industries; these were destroyed and burned down by the victorious armies of the North with so much the more zest as they were large arsenals, gun shops and factories of other war ammunitions. We came to Selma less than eight years ago, at the earnest request of the bishop of Mobile, Rt. Rev. John Quinlan, a devoted friend of Ours. He died four years ago, and his successor, Bishop Manucy, died over two years ago. There have been several resident priests in this place, but, for some reason or other, they did not do much good—especially the last, who is dead some years. The church was heavily in debt and caused great embarrassment to the bishop, who had no money; the parishioners were displeased with this prelate because he did not change their pastor, and they refused to help him or even to go to divine service; thus things were in a bad state. Rev. Fr. Butler, the present superior of the New Orleans Mission, came to the rescue and sent Fr. Free to settle the difficulty. We took the church and its property and assumed the debt. A few months later, Fr. Holaind was appointed superior of Selma, and Fr. Free was recalled. Another father and a brother joined Fr. Holaind, and they began work in earnest.

One of his first cares was to see that Selma got a school for girls. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart came here and are doing much good. The boys' school was taught, at times, by the fathers. When Fr. J. O'Shanahan became superior, he built a school-house for the boys that would be an ornament to a city. From the very start, one of the fathers visited some of the towns within a radius of fifty or sixty miles from Selma, where they knew there were three or four Catholic families, said Mass for them and administered the sacraments. By degrees, as time rolled on, the fathers heard of a Catholic family in one place, of another elsewhere; these were visited likewise. Finally Fr. Holaind, replaced at Selma by Fr. O'Shanahan, was free to give all his time and all his energies to finding out scattered Catholics, taking care meanwhile of the former ones. He was, for three years, exclusively engaged in this arduous labor; and built two churches, one in Brierfield and one in Anniston. He made himself all to all and was very much be-

loved and admired by all that were acquainted with him; and these were numerous in every walk of life and in every denomination. He removed many prejudices and did much good, but was obliged to leave much undone. It was not his fault; far from it. In missions like this much good must necessarily be left undone.

As long as the pecuniary resources of the priest on the missions are not greater, and as long as the children of the scattered Catholics, especially those of mixed marriages, cannot be brought to Selma for a month's stay, at the least, to be prepared for their first Communion, much good will be left undone, much trouble taken, and little success. To bring these children to Selma, the priest would, in nine cases out of ten, have to pay the expenses of travelling, of boarding, and, in some cases, of clothing. Five young women, whom I saw on the eve of marriage, were thus brought to Selma at my expense. They were kindly boarded and instructed by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. To instruct the children at home is an impossibility, and the one who would suggest it would prove evidently that he knows nothing about the country. The parents are incapable of doing it; they themselves are not sufficiently instructed, and, where this is not the case, they lack time and courage. I have given a catechism apiece to all the children who could read, and I left the *Faith of Our Fathers* in many houses, recommending them to read it on Sundays in the family circle. I have exhorted the parents to see that their children learn a few lines in their catechism every week, and promised the children a reward if they knew the few lines assigned; but all this was of no avail, or, at least, of very little use. My subsequent visit found them *in statu quo*.

The priest has not time to stay more than one day, or at most two days; the accomodations also are such that he is glad to get out as soon as possible. My greatest mortification was to stay over twenty-four hours in many a place; I felt that my hosts were uneasy all the time; they felt their poverty and their shortcomings, notwithstanding all I could do to prevent this uneasiness. I have about forty-five or fifty children that should be cared for—and some of them soon, for they are grown—if I do not wish them to escape me and fall off, or rather become nothing, neither Protestant nor Catholic. This is a painful thought; so much the more so, as with all my exertions I can do nothing to remedy the evil, my means being unfortunately too limited. My continual travelling causes my expenses to be about four times larger than the mission's income; and it seems there is no chance to increase my funds. *Chacun pour soi, et Dieu pour*

tous, seems to be the motto. I often wished I had some of the money that is spent in less useful work in some of our houses.

One more explanation, before we begin to travel. You did not bargain for so many explanations, nor did I when I began to write; but as I am in the humor let us have it all. (It is not often I am in such a humor). I must tell you what distance you would have to go over, if you were to follow me throughout. From Selma to Demopolis westward, fifty miles by rail; from Demopolis down the dear old Tombigbee River southward one hundred and twenty-four miles to Bladon Landing; thence to Mr. C., a Catholic family, ten miles; from here to Coffeeville sixteen miles;—the furthest point in this direction I ever visited;—in all two hundred miles. East north-east, the last point up the railroad is Tecumseh, one hundred and sixty-seven miles from Selma; thence twelve miles into the country;—thus there are in this direction one hundred and seventy-nine miles. Therefore the whole length of my mission, following the roads, is three hundred and seventy-nine miles. The width varies along the railroad. There are Catholics on both sides of it, five, eight, ten, twenty and twenty-five miles away. On the other side of Selma, south and south-west, north and north-west, the territory is much larger; it embraces most of that portion between Selma and Mobile. But the Catholics are very scarce here, one or two in a whole county. There would be more Catholics, if they were not of such a shifting nature. Anniston, for a time, under Fr. Holaind, had a large congregation, but most had left the place when I succeeded him. Several families through my influence left their former homes to reside in towns where they and their numerous children could get the benefit of Catholic schools, etc. It does not matter by whom the good is done, provided it be done. There are now in all this large territory, Selma not included, only 481 Catholics large and small, who are known to me.

Here is the sum-total of what I did during the last two years: visited seventeen counties, some only partially; said Mass in fifty-six different stations; revalidated or settled nine marriages (*Tametsi* is in vigor in Alabama); received seventeen Protestant adults into the Church; nineteen first Communions of grown persons; twelve sick-calls followed by death (some of these were visited several times, besides other sick-calls); gave over one thousand two hundred Communions; heard about one thousand three hundred confessions; met with two religious vocations; sent five orphans to Orphan Asylum in New Orleans; sent four sick persons to the New Orleans Charity Hospital. The travel-

ling expenses of the orphans and of the sick persons were paid by me.

Let us travel now at last. Came in from a two weeks' trip yesterday at 10.30 A. M. It is Wednesday, the 27th of April; my satchels are ready; in one of them is absolutely every article one may need to say Mass, baptise, and attend to sick-calls; in the other is a change of linen and a few books. The larger satchel weighs twenty-four pounds, the smaller, nine pounds. It is a quarter of 12 M. We are going down the Alabama River on the boat of Capt. Finnigan. We shall take dinner on board the boat. At 12, sharp, the boat leaves the wharf. We are on time. After the usual salutations and a cordial welcome (the captain and the first clerk are good Catholics) the captain says to me: "Well, father, I thought you were not going to travel with me any longer, since the time we got stuck in the mud." (In a previous trip we had been stuck on a sand bar for forty-eight hours and no exertion could help us out; all the trees along the shore were uprooted by cables tied to them and wound in on windlasses. We were finally liberated by another boat coming up the river).

After dinner I am introduced to a Rev. Dr. K. presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal church in this section. We are but a few passengers (ten or twelve); our conversation runs on different subjects for a long time; at last it turns on religion; on authority in the Church, on its discipline, on secret societies—socialists and anarchists especially — then on dogmatical questions. He asks much about the Jesuits; he knows the Selma priests are Jesuits; all the passengers gather around us and listen to our conversation, feeding it by occasional inquiries. At supper time, an old acquaintance of mine on the missions comes on board, Rev. Dr. H. a Presbyterian preacher, as serious and as grave-looking as a statue. He is known to my Methodist friend; we sit together in the saloon of the boat, everybody around us; religious topics on the Catholic Church hot and heavy between the two preachers; both are wrong and I have to come in against them; it is done in an easy, unpretending manner, no fuss about it. The captain tells us we shall likely reach Clifton, my landing, ninety miles from Selma, at about 11 P. M. It is not worth while to go to bed. My office and other spiritual exercises finished, I return to the crowd; 11 o'clock passes, 12 passes and we are not there yet. Stoppages at landings after landings; here a box of eggs, there a pile of staves to take in. At last we reach Clifton after 1 o'clock A. M.

It is my first visit here. Dr. H. lands with me; we are

brought to the home of the warehouse keeper; it is not a hotel, but he takes in passengers. Dr. H. takes a lunch; I keep fasting in the hope of saying Mass in the morning. "That's strange," the Dr. remarks, "you cannot eat before service?" "It is a matter of discipline in use in the Church from the apostolic ages; we celebrate with cooler heads and drier throats." Here the Dr. makes a long tirade on the good of prohibition (they are fanatics on this subject of late years in Alabama). I beg to differ, and argue that the part of a preacher is to advise abstinence and, in some cases, total abstinence; this being virtue, the contrary, coercion and tyranny. I ask to be shown a room; the landlord begs to be excused as he has only one bed free. "Well, one bed will do for me," is my reply, "and if Dr. H. has no objection to sleep with me, I have none to sleep with him." I hoped he would refuse and thought they would find room for him, being a friend of theirs. We slept together. Many a creature got a good meal that night; holy blood too. Cleanliness is not one of the weak points of country people in Alabama.

At 5 A. M., Thursday, 28th of April, both of us are up. I stroll along the banks of the river saying my prayers. After some time I inquire about the man that was to meet me. It had been well understood by both parties that we would meet at that place. It is my invariable custom to write, a week or so ahead, to the party to be visited. No one knows of my man, not even his name. After consideration, my hopes to say Mass vanish. The excuse I give is that no one of my Church is present—it is only an excuse, for I said Mass on several other occasions having only Protestant attendants. How much this is against the rules of the Church, I leave it to the rubricists to discuss.

Breakfast is relished, though it be fried bacon and corn-bread, with a cup of coffee. The Presbyterian preacher is disappointed likewise; so he makes up his mind to "go it on foot." Meanwhile we enter into an argument on predestination, and jog along for a mile and a half. We are on the road to my destination. The poor Dr. gets the worst of it when I ask him of what use his preaching can be to his hearers, if they believe that, no matter how good, honest and moral they may try to be, if they are predestined to go to hell, they will go there; and no matter how many crimes they may commit, if they are predestined to go to heaven they will reach it. Here he avows his faith is not so satisfactory; I remark that it is one of his fundamental articles; then ensues a long talk on faith, when the Dr., pretty much puzzled, reminds me of my kindness in accompanying him

so far. I take the hint and return to the landing. No news of my man.

A wagon, loaded with oats, bran and corn meal, is starting for a store sixteen miles away, on the road to my Catholics. My bill paid (I never fail to pay for meals, lodging, hire of horse or mule, where it can be done with propriety), and my satchels brought to the wagon, I climb to the very top. After a short time my black clothes are as white as sea-shore sand. All along the road we meet teams coming to the landing; every driver is asked: "Did Mr. L. send you to meet anybody at the landing?" "No saar, I does not know Mr. L." About six miles from the landing, a man with a mule and an open spring-wagon overtakes us. He looks at me and I look at him. No one speaks. No suspicion that he might be the right man; he came from the wrong direction. He breaks the silence and inquires bluntly and awkwardly: "Who are you?" I reply in the same tone: "Who are you?"—"I am Mr. L."—"Well! you are the right man," I exclaim with joy, for I had no assurance, that, once at the store, I would get a means to ride further; and my destination was fourteen miles hence. "I am the man, too; I'll go with you," and giving a cigar to my first driver, we part.

My new driver tells me he has his father, his brother and his sister at home; that they have not seen a priest for fifteen years, since they left Mobile; and that all have made their first Communion. We travel along very slowly; the sun is very hot; dinner time is at hand. We ask at two houses, but we miss it; they tell us they are not ready to give us anything. My driver knows of a store near by, but he suggests we should not call there as they will make us pay. We go there however, get dinner, and I pay. The mule gets his dinner too. After a rest of about an hour and a half we start again. But, a few miles off, we take the wrong side of a forked road and thus only reach our destination after 11 P. M. We are anxiously expected; we take supper with a relish, talk awhile and retire. The house contains two rooms and three beds. My driver and myself sleep together in the room of two beds. We all get up before sunrise. The house folks are not tired; they have confession on the brain. It is understood that all have to go to their duties wherever my visits are at two or three months' interval.

In the first letter that I write to newly discovered Catholics, I never fail to say: "I expect all of you to go to your duties; be sure not to disappoint me." I add also another phrase: "My visit must not put you to any trouble, I am not hard to please, and I will not be of any expense to you."

Experience has taught me to take these precautions; for my letters were not answered in the beginning, owing to the fact that the people had no money to give me, even where they were pretty well off. But how do I get to know of such people? Here is my way. On the trains, boats, and everywhere, I get talking with the people; they come to know that I am not a *drummer* but a priest, or a *Catholic preacher*—the word in use. I ask these people whether they know of any Catholics in the neighborhood; if they do, I secure their addresses, write to them, enclose a stamped envelope with my address, and ask them to reply. They generally answer, even when they are not Catholics, for sometimes Protestant names are given to me.

When I come, for the first time, to a public work, such as a furnace, a mine, a railroad or a bridge building, I ask for the superintendent, tell him my mission, and ask him whether he has any Catholics working for him; he receives me with indifference and answers invariably: "I do not know." I ask then to be shown a pay-roll or a list of his employees. When I find a genuine Irish, French or German name, I inquire in what department the man bearing that name is working. I am directed, if not accompanied, by the general manager; I begin conversation with the man sought for; if he is a Catholic, he will promptly answer me: "Yes, father." When I hear this answer, it is enough; I tell him that I shall see him again; I then continue to stroll about with the superintendent, who, so far, has always invited me to stop at his house. I do so with pleasure. When I have one Catholic, with his help, I soon find out the others, if there be any more. Some one, observing my ways, maliciously remarked: "This is a sponging kind of a mission; what you do there!"

When my letters reach Protestants instead of Catholics, they must be edified when they read: "I will not be of any expense to you." It is quite different from what their preachers do; they preach for a living; that is the opinion of almost everybody. This accounts for the great abundance of such people, their ignorance and their bigotry; they get tired of ploughing, get a call from heaven and take to preaching. I am acquainted with crowds of preachers, and some show their ignorance by asking me where my wife and children are living; yet these very fellows preach long tirades against Catholics in their meetings. I hear of this on subsequent visits; and when I meet these preachers again they get a polite hint not to speak of Catholics, as they do not know anything about them; I offer them a book that will

give them information, the *Faith of Our Fathers*, or some such work; they usually accept the book; about a dozen have thus been given; what will be the result is hard to tell; it may be good. This is a long digression;—well, to come back to our Catholic family.

Everything being prepared, and the confessions heard, I say Mass and give a long instruction. Nothing is so difficult as this kind of preaching; one has to be very much on his guard not to say anything too personal, and especially what might seem to be a revelation of confession. After Mass, I say my office walking about, for we are in the woods. Breakfast is served; the *pièce de résistance* is a nice and tender-looking kid. Here is a puzzle! It is Friday, April 29th. Must I eat the meat and keep mum, or tell them about it? I tell them, and trouble them very much; for there is nothing else in the house; the few hens' nests are searched and a few eggs are found; not enough for all. There is nothing to be done except to tell them to eat meat, as, in such cases, the Church does not seem to enforce her laws. Meat is the ordinary dish, and almost always bacon, and bought bacon too. You cannot imagine the listlessness of these country people; they could raise fine vegetables everywhere, yet nothing of the kind is done. Anything but meat is a feast for them; fish, fresh fish is a luxury. Well, the eggs are served, soft-boiled eggs, hard-boiled eggs and omelet.

After breakfast I mount a saddled mule and set out on an eight miles' ride for the house of a woman, who is supposed to be a Catholic. After riding for three hours in the hot sun, along rather uneven roads, I reach the place and am received coldly; she tells me that she was a Catholic, but that she has joined her husband's church. She is the mother of thirteen children—all lost! I express my regrets and hope that she, together with her family, will rejoin the only true Church. Nothing else to be done. On my return it is late and no dinner ready, as I was not expected. Again eggs, hard-boiled and soft-boiled eggs, and biscuit for dinner. No supper. You cannot imagine what this biscuit is and how it tastes when cold; it is dough without yeast, half baked. Meanwhile half a dozen or more neighbors, having heard of a priest's presence, have come to the house to see what kind of a thing a priest is; they are disappointed; and they say so too; they aver that I look just like any other gentleman.

We again retire late and rise early. All having once more gone to confession and to Communion and having heard Mass, at which a little speech was made for the benefit

of the twelve or thirteen neighbors present, we take breakfast and start, on the same spring-wagon, for another twenty-five miles' ride to the Tombigbee River. We travel until after 1 P. M. After two useless trials, we get dinner at a hut; whence, after resting awhile, we start for the nearest landing, to meet the boat which is to bring me to Bladon Landing;—this is my destination. About three miles from the landing we meet a team coming thence; my driver is acquainted with the teamster; we ask about the run of the boats; he tells us that there is no boat coming down to-day, that two went down yesterday. I can scarcely believe him, yet he seems to know. What's to be done? To take a skiff and row or float down would be one of the ways to reach Tompkinsville where there is a Catholic family; but the river makes a large bend here, and it is twenty-five miles around the curve; it is doubtful also whether or not I can get a skiff; and it is very dangerous work in the kind of skiffs they have here, a hollow log usually; besides, to-morrow will be Sunday, and I do not wish to miss Mass. Well, we take the road to the next ferry, twelve miles away, near Tompkinsville. And what a road! steep, washed out, and so muddy for two miles on approaching the ferry that I fear we cannot reach there. We arrive, however, at 10 P. M. They ask two dollars for taking us across with the team and two dollars more to bring back my driver, because the river is far above high-water mark. We conclude that I shall cross alone and walk it to the Catholic family two miles thence. A stout strong negro is willing to carry my satchel for fifty cents and to show me the path, for we have to pass through the woods. I say good bye to my driver and we separate for good.

The negro has to walk ahead of me; it is dangerous in this part of the country to do otherwise. A few months previous, an Irish peddler, a strong young man, had been knocked down and foully murdered by his guide for the little money he had, as was supposed. Happily we have moonlight and good weather. We arrive at Mr. K.'s after 11 P. M., not expected, as it was not my planned route, and so we have to fight three or four snappish dogs; at last we are heard and admitted. The two old people occupy one little house, and the son, married to a Protestant, occupies another house close by. The old couple have but one bed, which they insist on my taking. It never enters their minds that I may think it is not clean. Perhaps also they have no change of linen; so I say nothing about it. They wish to prepare some supper; but, as it would be midnight before it is ready, I go to bed with a cup of milk for supper. Of course I keep myself in full dress and use my handkerchief

for a pillow-cover. I stay here till Tuesday morning, May 3rd. No incidents here except that I ride out every day, eight or ten miles, to see what can be done with renegade Catholics. No success; they have lost the faith!

On Tuesday we take to the river at about 10 o'clock A. M. and wait for the boat till 6 P. M. No dinner; the boat may come at any moment. I am well received on the boat; we are old friends, though none of the crew are Catholics. Here I get a long and enjoyable rest. We land at Bladon at 11 A. M. on the 4th of May. I am not expected by my people; they had come for me on Sunday as I had written. About a mile from the landing there is a very nice family of Swedes, Lutherans of course; thither I walk with my two satchels; it is up hill and the heat is intense. The master is absent; the teams are in the field. At 4 P. M. he comes home and gives me a buggy and two mules to reach my destination. It is agreed that the mules will return that evening as it is the busy season in the fields. I drive along slowly for twelve miles; when I come to the house of Mr. C., my Catholic friend, there is no one at home; the neighbors, a quarter of a mile off, tell me that the wife is twenty-five miles away, and the father and daughter two miles away on a field, and that they will not return home, having a hut to lodge in over night. Three dollars are offered in vain to have my mules brought back; nobody wants to do it. My word is pledged that the mules are to return home; there is no alternative; I must do it myself. After giving them a mouthful to eat, I leave my satchels at this man's house and beg him to send word to Mr. C. that I am at the landing waiting for him. I pity my poor animals, they had been working the whole day, and I let them have their own way.

It is long after sunset when I start, but it is a beautiful clear night; so I make the best of it. Once in the woods, I try my musical talent and sing all the songs and bits of songs that come to my mind; profane songs and sacred hymns; in Latin, English, French and German; in low voice and high voice, at times as loud as my pulmonary powers can afford; and when tired of singing I whistle, and then sing again. There is not a house along this road in the midst of the woods for ten miles; I make noise enough to frighten anybody that may hear me, even the rabbits and foxes in this secluded retreat of theirs. I reach the landing at about midnight, and have to ask for supper, but there is no difficulty here. Of course no Mass the following morning, Thursday, the 5th of May, as my satchels are at the other end of the road.

My man arrives with two saddled horses at about 10 A. M.

We travel together; no special incident here. Friday, Mass said, etc., I direct my way on horseback to Bladon Springs, a once famous summer resort for the Southern people; here lives an old gentleman whom I met six months ago for the first time; he had never seen a priest and knew very little more of the Catholics than their name and odd stories against them; he received a *Faith of Our Fathers* on our first meeting and procured himself other Catholic books, and studied for himself. He came to the conclusion that the Catholic Church was the only true Church; consequently, he wrote to me and asked me what he had to do to *connect* himself with that Church. I answered his letter, gave him full details, and mentioned especially what might be an obstacle to his being received, such as secret societies, bad marriage and general confession. We have a long talk, it is decided he will be received, and he agrees to come on Saturday evening to Mr. C.'s.

Saturday I ride out sixteen miles to see another family I have just heard of. They are happy to see me; they have not seen nor heard of a priest for three years, the time they left Canada for the South. The women and children go to confession; the men are working at a saw-mill; they promise me to go to their duty on my next visit; for I cannot return this time as I have some other appointments. On my return, when about five miles from this family, towards 3 P. M., I am suddenly overtaken by one of the worst storms I ever saw; it is upon me before I suspect it. The hills and woods around me leave only a few hundred yards' view. Trees are bending, cracking and falling all around me; flashes of lightning to dazzle anybody, and rain as if poured from buckets; no house in the neighborhood! In less than three minutes I am soaked from head to foot; my shoes are literally full of water; my umbrella is of no use. It is a dangerous position, too, on account of the old and tall pine-trees all along the road. I get quite pious for a moment. The storm does not last more than half an hour, but it is a long half hour. There is now another difficulty ahead. There are two creeks to be passed and they have risen to a great height; is it safe or not to pass? No one to ask; I venture it, taking my feet out of the stirrups and making myself ready to swim. We cross safely, though my horse is raised from the ground and swims with me on his back. It is not a comfortable ride. Arrived at Mr. C.'s, the first thing I do is to change; luckily I have a change of underclothing, and my mission cassock serves for the rest. In a few hours all is dry. The weather is nicer than ever.

In the evening, contrary to my expectation on account of

the storm, Mr. F. and his aged wife arrive, to talk about the Church; there are many neighbors present; and late in the evening the old man makes a full general confession of seventy-six years—that is his age. Sunday morning the 8th of May he receives conditional baptism and absolution. I say Mass and preach to a considerable congregation; at Mass the Catholics receive Communion; here the emotion of the old man is no longer under control, he gives it full scope, tears flow abundantly down his cheeks (and they welled up in the eyes of all present). His wife is on the way to become a Catholic too.—I am sorry I cannot give you more details about this conversion. It was truly a miracle of grace; but I must hurry on; my letter is already very long. When all the ceremonies are over and breakfast taken, I pack up, and give a picture, a medal, scapulars and beads to my people; a medal and a picture, with an explanation of *worship*, to all the rest.

We start for the landing. We have plenty of time. Nothing strange here, except that I robe as if to say Mass, to satisfy the inquiries and curiosity of a crowd of Protestants, most of whom are known to me, and I give them explanations and references in the old testament, besides sundry religious information. They are delighted, and wish to know more about Catholics, so I give them a few books. In the evening the boat arrives and takes me on board; I am again well received, and gratis too. It is not the same boat and crew as the one on which I came down. Late Monday evening we arrive in Demopolis. The boys are waiting for me; they give word to all my people that I am to say Mass on Tuesday the 10th of May at 5 o'clock, and that I desire all to go to their duties; seventeen out of twenty receive the sacraments, everything is soon over, and all are on time for their work. Wednesday I say Mass at Galion, Thursday at Uniontown, and I return home by 8 o'clock A. M. on this day, the 12th of May. We were out two weeks.

My first care on returning home is to look over my correspondence. In one of the letters is an account of a sick person; from all appearance there is no time to be lost. My provisions renewed, etc., on Friday morning the 13th of May, at 6 A. M., I take the train for the north-eastern part of my mission and make another two weeks' trip. Many incidents again in this trip, but all more or less like those of the previous one. I shall mention two only.

One evening after dark, I arrived at a railroad station (not much choice of time, there are only two trains a day on this line), and I hired a horse so as to visit a family well known to me; I had visited the place many times before. This

family was living in the woods about four miles from the station; to reach their house there are two roads: I took the by-road. The skies were clear, yet it was rather dark in the woody part of the way. I went along leisurely, holding my satchel on the pommel of the saddle (an awkward way to ride), and all went well with me. The following morning, however, the news reached us that a poor old man of the vicinity, who was peddling patent medicine to make an honest living, had been murdered for the sake of the few dollars he was supposed to have (for everybody testified that there could be no other reason, as the man was a good old soul); and that his body was yet lying on the very path through which I had passed. I probably passed very near the corpse the evening before; luckily I knew nothing about it and suspected nothing. I would not like much to be thus knocked down for the sake of the few dollars I am *supposed* to have, and which at times I do not have. If I were to be killed for my faith, I would not object so much, especially if it were by surprise; I should thus gain something by it.

The second incident is this: on returning from a charcoal colliery in the hills of Clay Co., where I had hard times and met with many privations, I got one of my crazy headaches. Fortunately I put up with a well-to-do and very nice Protestant family. All that kindness, sympathy and medical skill could do was done for me. Two doctors were sent for, and, notwithstanding all my protestations that I was subject to these headaches, and that I would get over the spell without treatment, all was of no avail, I had to submit to their lavish care and kind treatment. It was very mortifying, but I could not prevent it. I had to stay here two nights (though I was over the attack after the first night), as they refused me the means to go further. I returned to Selma on the 27th of May, stayed there twenty-four hours and then started on another trip to Camden and its neighborhood. This trip lasted only four days. I am now resting for three or four days and putting my correspondence in order, after which I shall start again on a two weeks' trip; and so on, without interruption, summer or winter.

Is this not time, labor and money lost? No, dear father, by no means. As I said above, if a priest had done what Fr. Holaind has done and what I do, some thirty, forty or fifty years ago, and had it been kept up, it is hard to say how many Catholics we might have here now; but it is certain we should have from five to six thousand, where now we have not five hundred. And I repeat it, now more than ever is the time to be on the lookout on account of immi-

gration. If we had five or six priests stationed at the central places of my missions, who could be supported independently of the people, they would in a few years change the appearance of things; and I do not hesitate to affirm that the money and labor thus spent would bring abundant fruits, and, such an investment of labor and money as is spent in China, India, and Africa, would bring as great if not a greater income here *ad majorem Dei gloriam.*

These details, Rev. and dear father, will give you an idea of my work, yet not a complete and just idea, as I did not mention my frettings, and my sorrowings on beholding the danger of apostasy still threatening, after I have gone to so much trouble; and on finding troubles, sufferings, privations and miseries of all kinds amongst my flock. But such troubles are inevitable in whatever position we may be, especially if we be directors of souls and have the care of congregations or parishes to attend to; so you will readily understand them and spare me the trouble of entering into details. Of course all these sufferings are kindly intermingled by God with joy and consolation, else one could not stand it. This is a long letter to say so little. But "these little things seem great to little men."

R^ae^ V^ae^ servus in Xto.,

A. B. FRIEND, S. J.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Letter from the Mission of the Sacred Heart—Dec. 5th, 1887.

Rev. dear Father,

The promises of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary are already realised in the wonderful effects produced among the savage tribes of these mountains. The tribe of Indians, called Cœur d'Alêne, or "Heart of an Awl," was, in early times, one of the most savage. Their nature, strong and bold, gave birth, under the influence of superstitious principles and corrupt morals, to a people fierce and wholly given up to actions the most abominable. The tribe of the Cœur d'Alênes is at present called the Mission of the Sacred Heart, and, on account of the wonderful effects wrought in this tribe by the devotion to the Sacred Heart, it is not unworthy of the name.

The tribe, which a few years back made up a people the most ferocious and superstitious, is now an example for Catholics throughout these regions. Their quiet life and their morals strike with admiration the very enemies of the Church; who, when they reflect upon what these Indians have been and what they now are, feel in the depths of their souls the conviction of the truth of the Catholic faith. Here they behold a people formerly accustomed to wander through the forests after the manner of wild beasts, slaves to the most foolish superstitions and to the most degraded habits, and given up to orgies and diabolical practices, now, under the benign influence of religion, living a life virtuous and peaceful: a people, who might indeed be destroyed but could never be subjugated by force of arms, now submitting with childlike simplicity to the guidance of a few missionaries, at the least sign of whose will, they are ready to check their rising passions and regulate their lives. Let the following serve as an example.

One of the Cœur d'Alênes was engaged with a companion in making a boat for the passage of a river; and as this passage was already occupied or intended to be occupied by the whites, there arose one of the common conflicts between the Indians and the whites. The Indian, strong and fierce by nature, had sworn to remain steadfast in his purpose; nor could he be moved, either by the threats of the whites, or by the counsels of the wisest among his friends, who thought

that it would be better to yield and thus remove all occasion of trouble. But he was immovable; he scorned the threats of the whites and the advice of his friends, set at naught the authority of his chiefs, and remained unshaken in his intention of defending himself against any one who would dare attempt to thwart him in his purpose. There remained but one solution for the difficulty, and that was to cause the Indian to yield to the advice of the missionary; but even this proved unavailing. The father counselled his wayward child and protested that he ought to yield; but the Indian was as stubborn as ever. The father, seeing that nothing could be done, left him; when departing he shook hands most warmly with all of the by-standers; the Indian on whom his words had been wasted, advanced with the rest and offered his hand also; but the offered hand was refused, and the father told him, that from the moment when he had resolved to follow his own lights, the Blackrobe had disowned him. The Indian was still unshaken; yet his nature, though fierce and savage, felt deeply, more than any injury that could have been done him, this refusal of the father; nor could he help showing his feelings outwardly; and soon, drawing nearer the father, he said: "Why does the Blackrobe treat me thus? Does he not know that this is the severest punishment that could be inflicted on me?" "If you wish me to number you among my friends," answered the father, "cease to persist in your wicked purpose." "My resolve has been taken once for all," said the Indian, "I shall not draw back even though I lose my life." "And will you refuse this sacrifice even to the Blessed Virgin?" said the priest, "Behold, we are in her month, and, in her name, I now ask this sacrifice of you." Oh! what a struggle then ensued between nature and grace! At the name of Mary the savage changed countenance, his whole frame shook, his emotion showed the victory of grace over a nature fierce and stubborn. "The Blackrobe has conquered," he said, "I will not refuse the sacrifice to Mary;" and immediately, telling his companion to destroy the work that they had done, and finding the latter still hesitating, "Hurry up" said he, "or before breaking the boat I will break your head." The boat, it is needless to say, was broken up; and the sacrifice completed and offered to Mary.

Examples of heroic virtue are not uncommon among these Indians; under the influence of religion, their strong, vigorous nature produces the most admirable examples of Christian heroism. A squaw, belonging to the Cœur d'Alênes, was, for some fault or other, condemned by the chiefs of the tribe and cast into prison. The manner of punishment

among these Indians is in keeping with their savage nature. Winter had set in; one of those winters of which, in other lands, people have no idea; the thermometer had fallen to forty degrees below zero, and merely to remain in the open air, without warm clothing and without motion, would be of itself sufficient to undermine the strongest constitution. The poor squaw was left alone in her prison, a sort of log-cabin, and bound hand and foot. There she suffered day and night, motionless and without means of relief. Once a day, if she happened to be remembered, she received a little bread and a few herbs to keep her from starving. When the missionary came to hear of the fact, moved with compassion, he used his influence with the head of the tribe, to obtain her freedom. He went to the prison and found the poor squaw benumbed with cold and more dead than alive. The first thought of the priest was to provide for the spiritual welfare of the poor unfortunate, who, like the rest of the tribe, had been converted to the Catholic religion. But what, thought he, can be the dispositions of the poor woman in such torment? They were much better than he imagined. This poor creature, abandoned by man, had not been abandoned by God. On entering the hut, the father asked her: "How are you, Mary? In severe sufferings, are you not?" The poor woman did not reply in many words, her state spoke eloquently enough, her agony was intense, and, even against her will, it forced a sob from her, as from a person racked with pain. Her soul, nevertheless, was firm and tranquil. "Is it not true," said she, "that on account of my sins I ought now to be in hell? And what are my present sufferings compared with those of hell?" "That is true," said the priest, "yet I desire to save you; for, abandoned as you are, you will soon die." "No," she said, "let me suffer; this is nothing to what I have deserved for my sins, and I offer up my sufferings to God in satisfaction for them." Her repentance was perfect and God had already forgiven her. The father made every effort in his power, and obtained her liberation. She again protested her unworthiness in the sacrament of penance; her faults were blotted out forever; she went her way in peace, and lived, ever after, grateful and faithful to God.

Another woman was lying at death's door. A priest hastened to her bedside to administer the last sacraments, and, as had been told him, he saw that she had but a few hours to live. What was more, her sickness had, up to this time, prevented her from swallowing food and from uttering a single word, so that the missionary exhorted her to make her confession as best she could. Imagine his surprise,

when, without a moment's hesitation, she made her confession in a clear voice, just as if nothing was the matter with her. When the priest had prepared her for her last hour, and was on the point of leaving, she called out to him most earnestly: "And will you then allow me to die without receiving my Lord?" To give her Holy Communion was impossible, since she was unable to swallow anything, and had but a few hours of life remaining. "The Holy Communion should be received to-morrow during Mass," answered the father; and so he departed. On the morning following, at the sound of the bell, the father went to the church to celebrate Mass, and, to his surprise, he found the sick woman of the preceding night kneeling before the altar, waiting devoutly to assist at the holy sacrifice. "What is this," said the father, "you here?" "Why not?" asked the woman, "did you not tell me last night that I must receive Communion in the church and during the Mass?" "But how," asked the father, "could you, who were dying last night, come to the church?" "You commanded me," she said, "and I had to obey." The sick woman of the preceding evening was completely cured; and the father, filled with admiration for the faith of the poor savage, and the fidelity of our Lord towards those who place their trust in his promises, withdrew to celebrate Mass. Similar facts, extraordinary in themselves, are of ordinary occurrence among these savages.

For those who consider what these Indians were some years ago, and what they are now, there is, in the contrast, a proof sufficiently evident of the truth of our religion; the more material and less instructed of such observers, unable to assign a cause for such extraordinary effects, free themselves from the difficulty by saying: "Oh! the Jesuits are crafty fellows and know how to bring their undertakings to a successful issue." But others there are who, although not Catholics, are reasonable enough to admit that, without the principle of religion, the Jesuits would not, up to the present time, be more secure among these savages, than they themselves were before the Indians were converted to our faith. In the whole tribe of the Cœur d'Alênes, there is not, to my knowledge, a single woman of abandoned life; a manifest proof of the faithfulness of women among these Indians, nothwithstanding the many occasions in which they find themselves from their frequent intercourse with the whites. Christian marriage among them is not only believed but respected, as the contract of nature ratified by God and by the Church; and whatever may be the difficulties which arise in this matter, all are remedied when the

priest has united the couple in the sacrament of the Church; quarrelling between the parties, conflict of passions, everything is righted at the bidding of the priest as at the voice of God. Any infidelity, any action not conformable to Christian morals, is detested by all, and punished just as any other fault against order and the common welfare of the tribe. Hence it is that they are blessed by God.

The life of the Indians nowadays, has nothing in common with the idea which is formed by reading the accounts of our early missionaries. Within the space of forty years, during which these missions have existed, the full result aimed at has been obtained; namely, a people thoroughly Christian, solidly grounded in their faith; with the priest alone as their pastor. There is no longer any cause for fearing a renewal of hostilities between the Indians and the whites, or between the different tribes of Indians themselves; these conflicts arose from the occupation of the land; but this question of occupation is now settled and is so recognised by the Indians. They live on the reservation set apart for them by the government; each family occupies and cultivates its own farm, receiving from it an honest livelihood, and living after the manner of the whites. Each tribe constitutes an independent government, elects its own chiefs, and is governed by its own special laws. The agent is constituted judge in any differences that may arise between the Indians and the whites; differences which, at present, have no existence.

Moreover, in every tribe there are schools for the education of the children; the schools for boys are directed by our fathers; the schools for girls by the Sisters of Providence, and both are supported by the government. The education imparted is more than sufficient, as regards both the secular branches, and religious instruction. An evident proof of this is that the whites do not disdain to send their children to our Indian schools; in fact they often even prefer them to the schools established for the whites.

The idea which is current elsewhere concerning these mountains, is far from the truth; and it seems to me that places change more rapidly in America than ideas about them change elsewhere. Those who come to these mountains, expecting to find the Indians as described in narratives written some thirty years ago, living in the woods after the manner of wild beasts, and the whites ever fearful of falling under the tomahawk or scalping-knife, and ever ready to slay the red-man in order to seize upon his land, will find themselves entirely deceived. These things were true once, but now the Indians remain in peace on their reser-

vations, till the soil, and live more or less after the manner of the whites; and the whites, emigrants from all the countries of Europe, enjoy here all the comforts which they could enjoy in their native land. This immense region is already dotted with villages, towns and cities, which might well compare with many in Europe. Those who labor receive abundant support from the products of the soil, from rich mines, and from the commerce which is carried on with various parts of America, Europe, and, I might say, with the world.

Nor is the progress of religion in these parts behind material progress; everywhere religious and secular priests care for the Catholics, whose numbers are constantly increasing. Everywhere parishes are established and dioceses formed, each diocese governed by its bishop. As, however, the number of secular priests is small in proportion to the number of Catholics, and much more so in proportion to the number of infidels and Protestants of every nationality, the missionaries find a new field open to their zeal. From this variety of nationalities arises the great necessity of learning, at least French and English; for the missionary finds himself constantly in contact with people of every nation and of every tongue. As regards religion, however, no one can deny that the condition of the Indians is far superior to that of the whites. The present state of the Indian tribes gives one an idea of the faithful tribes of Paraguay. They live apart from the whites, filled with a feeling of horror for the blindness in which they lived some years back, and with a feeling of gratitude towards the Blackrobe, who, sent by God, freed them from their superstitions. They have few questions to ask about Protestants or about Jews; and if they are asked what gospel they follow, they answer: "The gospel of the Blackrobe;" just as the Nez Percés, for instance, say that they follow "the gospel according to Cataldo," for Fr. Cataldo was the missionary who brought them to the faith. Such then is the simplicity in which the Indians live, bound together in a union like to that of the just.

The lack of religious instruction in the public schools shows the great need there is, in these regions, of founding schools in which Catholics can be instructed in the truths of their religion. Our college at Spokane Falls has been thus far the hope of Catholics, and even of Protestants, but the scarcity of teachers robs it, in a great measure, of the good which it could do. It is true indeed that teachers, possessed of deep learning, are not required; the greatest need is for teachers, American by birth; teachers, who are perfect masters of English, and who know how to manage American

boys, in accordance with American ideas and feelings; for any attempt to manage them otherwise would prove a failure. They are independent fellows, tenacious of their ways of thinking and of their customs; nor are they able to appreciate anything not purely American. At present, our Indians have a better opportunity for instruction in religious matters than the whites. The latter frequently complain of this and say that our missionaries often busy themselves in running after a few Indians, while thousands of the whites can find no one to administer the sacraments to them.

Our Indian boys have colleges directed after the manner of our European colleges. In the morning, they go to the church, hear Mass, recite devoutly their prayers, and receive a short catechetical instruction. In the class-rooms, they are taught English, geography, history, arithmetic; they are moreover instructed in the tilling of the soil and in the principal trades. At the end of the year they give a public exhibition of their advancement, and oftentimes the government agents are astonished at finding the Indian boys better instructed than the children of the whites.

A general came from Washington as government inspector, to visit our schools; and when he came to examine our boys in arithmetic, he was filled with admiration at the readiness with which they solved the problems proposed to them; and as he himself had some calculation to make, I know not what, "Oho!" said he, "since you are so clever, I am not ashamed to avail myself of your cleverness. I myself have a problem, if you can solve it you will do me a favor." The problem was given, and one of the boys gave the answer without the least difficulty. "Who would ever have told me," said the general, laughing, "that I would have to come all the way from Washington to these mountains to have my problems solved by an Indian boy!" Neither is the instruction which the Indian girls receive from the Sisters of Providence in the least inferior, as is evident from the fact that the whites send their daughters to the sisters' school. The Sisters of Providence have been a true gift of Providence to this part of the country. It is indeed wonderful how, from the very beginning of the missions, these sisters could follow the missionaries among the savages, sharing with the Blackrobe the labors and the dangers, employing themselves in works of mercy among the sick, and procuring for the Indian girls the same instruction which the missionaries procured for the Indian boys. Nor are they doing less good among the whites; they have founded hospitals everywhere; and while they exercise their charitable offices towards the sick by curing their bodily

infirmities, they provide also for their poor souls, by their solicitude in preparing them for death, and by their carefulness in calling the missionary, to administer the last comforts of religion.

In beginning my letter, I said that our mission is called the Mission of the Sacred Heart; and this is not a mere name. The devotion to the Sacred Heart is deeply rooted in the breasts of our Indians; and this is the reason, I believe, why they live a life peaceful and tranquil after the manner of the ancient patriarchs; a life full of fervor after the manner of the first Christians. Although ten, twenty, or even more miles distant from the church, each one comes, on Sundays and feast days, and takes up his quarters at the mission. On the top of a hill, a standard is flying from the small tower of the college, the standard of the Sacred Heart: on one side is represented, in beautiful embroidery (the work of the Indian children), the Sacred Heart of Jesus with an appropriate motto; on the other side is embroidered the Immaculate Heart of Mary with its appropriate motto. Opposite the college is the school for girls; in the middle is the church, tastefully decorated and used both by the children and by the faithful at large. The whole tribe scatters itself through the valley which spreads out at the foot of the mission. Besides their tents, each of the Cœur d'Alênes has built a neat dwelling, and all the houses nestling in the valley form a respectable village watched over and guarded by the mission. Here the Indians abide on feast days. How edifying it is to see, at the sound of the bell, each one uncovering his head for the recitation of the Angelus, and then moving devoutly towards the church, to assist at the holy sacrifice! There is nothing merely emotional in their piety; it is truly consoling to the Catholic heart to see frequently three or four hundred approaching the holy table; and the devout hymns with which they intersperse their prayers sufficiently express the feelings of these fervent Christians. Two hours before mid-day, all again assemble in the church to assist at solemn Mass and to hear a sermon: and it is really surprising to see with what gravity all sing in unison the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo* and the other parts of the Mass; so fervent are they that, in gazing at them, we might well fancy ourselves in a gathering of the early Christians. In the evening they come together once more for prayer, sing devoutly their hymns and assist at benediction.

Besides Sundays and feast-days, there is another day on which, from their distant farms, in spite of rain and snow, they flock to the mission; that day is the first Friday of the month, a day consecrated to the Sacred Heart and called by

them, on account of the deep devotion which they have for the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord, "The Great Day of the Sacred Heart of Jesus." On the day preceding the feast, it is quite a task for the father to hear the confessions of the Indians. He is besieged in the church and in his house, from morning to night, by crowds wishing to go to confession. While the priest is endeavoring to attend them, they take up their position kneeling in great numbers in the church, sitting at its entrance, on the ground before it, or in the corridor of the house. The father is, in consequence, obliged to remain with them until the night is far spent. In the morning, at the sound of the bell, all go to the church to hear Mass, wearing the badge of the Sacred Heart upon their breasts. In a short time the large church is filled. On one side, in excellent order, are the women; on the other, the men. Near the altar, in the front rows, are about sixty Indians, each wearing a broad sash of red silk. Decorated with this, they stand there with so much dignity that you might take them for Roman senators or distinguished ambassadors from European nations. They are the soldiers of the tribe, who, consecrated in a special manner to the Sacred Heart, have wished to bear its insigniá and its name; and it is to this end, and in this spirit, that, under the leadership of their captains, they apply themselves to the maintaining of order. At the proper time, they are the first to rise, and, followed by hundreds of the faithful, approach the altar to receive the Sacramental Bread; and while some edify by their fervor in receiving the body of our Lord, the others manifest their devotion by sending up hymns of thanksgiving and of praise to the Sacred Heart. In the evening they are once more found in the church, and the missionary takes occasion, in a suitable discourse, to stir up more and more their devotion to the Sacred Heart. Hymns and prayers are sung, Benediction is given, and all retire for the night.

I am compelled to interrupt my letter here, called as I am to other scenes of labor. I recommend myself to the prayers of all, and remain, in the Sacred Heart,

Yours truly in Christ,

JEREMIAH ROSSI, S. J.

Letter from Spokane Falls, W. T., Sept. 20th, 1887.

Rev. Dear Father,

P. C.

The duties of my ministry having recently called me to a village of the Cœur d'Alêne Indians, I shall give you an account of my visit; for I trust it will be as useful as it is agreeable to illustrate the progress these remnants of the red-men are making in Christian civilisation.

It was shortly before sunset when I came in sight of their village. What a beautiful spectacle was before me! Rows of neat little cottages were built on the right bank of the Spokane, with streets running parallel with the river; hard by were barns, granaries and storehouses, and beyond these, extensive fields of grain and hay, rising and falling like the swelling waves of a broad lake. To the right, and not more than fifty yards off, was "the silent city of the dead" with its crosses of equal height shining in elegant simplicity.

The civilised appearance of the houses, the activity, energy, peace and prosperity of the inhabitants, give the visitor an idea that he is entering a frontier American town in a time of unexampled prosperity.

This is now a Christian republic of Indians (I was going to say savages). The fiercest, haughtiest and most cruel of all the north-western aborigines were the Cœur d'Alênes. To whites and Indians they used to be a terror. It was their boast and their delight to carry off horses, capture women and children, and slaughter them amid incredible tortures. The manner of life, the clothing and the dwellings of this tribe, were of the most barbarous kind. They were ignorant of agriculture, built no houses, and possessed no fixed habitation. They led a wandering life, depending upon the chase, and were frequently reduced to utter starvation. They were abandoned to the greatest excesses of debauchery and had no conception of purity. When a new-comer like me is told that the vast herds of cattle pasturing on the hills and in the valleys belong to the Cœur d'Alênes, when he reflects that thousands of acres of land, instead of being in a state of nature, are now covered with extensive farms and cultivated gardens, when he hears that the Indian women have been raised from their debasement and are now imitating the virtues of Mary the glorified model of women, when he beholds the tall warrior wearing around his swarthy neck the grains of the Blessed Virgin's rosary, and finds

him as docile as a little child; when he reads that yesterday the Cœur d'Alênes worshipped the beasts of the forest, the principle of evil, and the hoof of the mountain antelope, and realises that to-day, in no part of the world, has the Sacred Heart of Jesus more fervent worshippers than among these poor savages; when he remembers that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of less than half a century; he pauses, wonders, and, although he knows all to be a fact, can scarcely believe its reality. A visit to this reservation will convince the most sceptical, that, under Catholic teaching, faithful and continuous, the indomitable savage may be entirely tamed, taught to bow his neck to the sweet yoke of Christ, and become an honest, thrifty and industrious citizen.

As I approached the village in question, two venerable patriarchs came out to meet me in the spirit of the golden age. "Lu knailks! Lu knailks! (the priest! the priest!)" spread like wildfire, and in a little while the whole community was in agitation to make me welcome. The usual ceremony of shaking hands over, I was conducted to the main building of the village, the residence of the widow of the late Chief Stellam. Her royal highness, taking up lodgings for the night with one of her neighbors, politely gave me the freedom of her mansion. In the parlor, which was also her sleeping-room, was an enormous bedstead, a square table, an oil-lamp and a large stove. Everything in the room was neat and tidy; the walls were papered and hung round with photographs and pious pictures; a bottle of holy water and a blessed candle were suspended from the head of the bed, strings of Indian nostrums hung in gay festoons along the staircase, and a well used rosary lay on the table: a peep into the kitchen showed me the same neatness and cleanliness there. After a warm supper, everything *à la mode Américaine*, an evening chat with the Nestors of the tribe, and a good sleep, I found myself at 5 o'clock next morning in the confessional.

The blind and the lame and the deaf, the young and the old, came and made their peace with God. Some Kalispel Indians, who happened to be encamped near by, also availed themselves of this opportunity to approach the tribunal of penance. Mass-time presented a very unique scene. Around a temporary altar, which had been arranged in one of the most spacious rooms, were assembled what might be termed two opposite extremes: the neatly dressed, civilised Cœur d'Alênes, reclaimed from the manners and customs of barbarism; and the Kalispels, decked out in blanket, breech clout and deer-skin leggings, rough, uneducated children of

nature, who, while possessing all the moral virtues of Christian civilisation, disdain to put on any of its forms of refinement. I would not have you imagine, however, that the Kalispel Indians cannot be taught the arts of civilisation; great numbers of them have settled down at the Flathead mission and have turned farmers. Every family has a wagon, plough and horses; their children attend the schools taught by the Fathers of the Society and by the Sisters of Providence. The girls learn everything belonging to housekeeping, and the boys are required to learn a trade. The Kalispel children of the mission, are as different, in dress and manners, from the girls and boys of the same tribe who continue to roam around in blankets and feathers, as the imagination can picture.

During the Mass, this Indian congregation first recited the morning prayers and then sang, in their usual plaintive way, a hymn to the Blessed Virgin. The rosary and pious canticles took up the rest of the time until the moment of receiving Communion, when the leader began to recite aloud the acts of faith, hope and charity. In an instant the entire congregation had joined in the recital, with an earnestness and fervor that was well calculated to excite feelings of devotion in the most enlightened congregation of any of our large cities. That prayer of offering to be made after Communion, "Deign, O Lord, to accept my heart and my soul," is especially beautiful in the Indian language; for the imperative mood admits of no refusal, and when the red-men offer their hearts they really mean to make the offering, and feel convinced that the Great Spirit will not violate the most sacred rule of Indian etiquette. Mass and thanksgiving over, the Indians repaired to the cemetery, as is their custom, to offer up their prayers for the departed. I do not think I shall be far from the truth if I state that perhaps there is no dogma of Holy Church which the red-men so naturally accept as the consoling doctrine of purgatory. They are delighted to know that death does not break the bonds which attach them to their friends and relatives, and that they can be useful to them even after they have quitted this life. The Cœur d'Alênes will sell even their horses, if necessary, to have Masses said for the dead. When the Catholic Indians heard the sad news of the death of Archbishop Seghers, who had once been their bishop, they were awe-struck and overwhelmed with sorrow. A general Communion was offered for the dead prelate at De Smet mission, and a sum of money was collected by the Indians to have Masses said for the repose of the holy soul of this great "Chief of the Blackrobes."

No sooner was my thanksgiving ended than breakfast was announced: it consisted of fresh salmon-trout, wheaten bread and fried potatoes. Whether through forgetfulness or from ignorance of the mysteries of an American *cuisine*, the person who officiated as cook served me coffee at supper and tea for breakfast. During mealtime the morning news was doled out; not through the jaws of the press, however, but by the vigorous organs of a walking gazette—the town crier. This Indian mode of giving the news of the day is well worth the attention of our Catholic journalists, who are so anxious just now to start a daily; for it refutes at once the many canards about things Catholic that are hourly vomited forth from the numerous non-Catholic and anti-Catholic journals. Any false statements in these *viva voce* reports are corrected on the spot, thus sparing the trouble of waiting a week to find the correction huddled into a shabby, grudging paragraph, in the smallest type, and among the "ticks from all parts of the world." The Cœur d'Alênes still retain, with the acquired habits of civilisation, many of the good traits of their old Indian character. It is well known that no being is so methodical as a red-man, and none so scrupulous in measuring and portioning out his time as a Cœur d'Alêne. Religious exercises over, he is all agog to get at his manual work. I was not slow in perceiving this, and I noticed that, by my stay, I was keeping the farmers from their work in the field, for it was harvest-time. So shaking hands once more all around, I took my departure from this Christian republic, feeling a new impulse in my heart to devote my life and labor to continuing the grand work of raising up these remnants of a deeply wronged people to thrift, industry and religion.

Gest sgalagalt (good bye),

ROBERT J. SMITH, S. J.

Letter from St. Joseph's Mission, Aug. 22nd, 1887.

REV. AND DEAR FR. SUPERIOR,

P. C.

The 12th of the present month was the anniversary of my coming to this mission. I was then obliged to undertake the task of learning the Nez Percés language and became as a child again at my a. b. c. But now, thanks be to God, to Your Reverence, to Fr. Morvillo and to the Indians, I am acquiring some facility in this new tongue.

In my last account I wrote about the precious death of Ignace, who departed this life, fortified with all the rites of

Holy Church. The memory of this good Indian is honored by a palisade around his grave. The sight of this, from a hill near the Patlatch wagon-road, recalls to the minds of the Indians the death of one who, once baptised, fought valiantly against his passions, that he might live and die for his dear Saviour.

On May 20th, another edifying death occurred, that of Manim Lambis Nimusus. There are some edifying particulars connected with his last moments which are worthy of mention. Just before dying he partly converted his Protestant father, and brought back to her religious duties his mother, who, though baptised a Catholic, had gone to Indian Territory, and was there married by a Protestant minister to a Protestant Indian. Finally, though Manim Nimusus himself had attended for a long time a Protestant school, he would not marry a certain person, until she had been instructed and baptised. He was yet in the bloom of youth when he was attacked by an ulcerous disease which consumed all the flesh on his body, and then death came and freed him from his sufferings. When he knew that his last hour had come, he asked to make his confession again, the better to be ready for death. It happened that Fr. Morvillo was here when I was sent for, so that, although it was Saturday, I was able to go at once and visit the dying man. I found him lying on the ground, his whole body covered with ulcers, and his wife, mother and aunt standing near him. After the last sacraments were administered, he was very happy because his soul was free from sin and fortified by Holy Communion. Judging this a favorable opportunity to do something for the spiritual good of his relatives, I questioned him regarding each of them. Pointing to his mother, he said: "My mother was once a Catholic, but she has become a Protestant;" then turning to his wife, "She was baptised a Catholic," said he, "but has not attended church for years." With joy and pleasure depicted on his countenance, he then fixed his eyes on his aunt and exclaimed: "But my aunt, my dear aunt, she was long ago one of the wives of Chief Joseph, but, leaving him, she entered the Catholic Church and has lived ever since faithful to its teachings." I asked the mother if, when death came, she would not wish to be prepared as her son now was. Her countenance betrayed that her life had been worldly and that prayer was unknown to her. She quickly answered: "I am not ready yet." I then had Manim brought near the church that there the mother might witness the graces that were showered upon her son, and see how earnest the priest was in attending him day and night, fortifying him for his last agony, and prepar-

ing him for the joys of heaven. Manim's only wish was to be united with his dear Lord in Holy Communion, and he rejoiced that he was to die thus early in life. Indeed, so well prepared was he and so willing to die that I thought it not unbecoming to sing at his bedside the hymn: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, etc." The mother was at last moved by all she saw, and when I asked her again whether she wished to die as well prepared as her son, she answered from her inmost soul: "Yes! oh, yes!" At length death came, and Manim gave his soul, adorned with so many virtues, into the hands of his Creator. The mother wept, not because her son had died (for she knew he was not dead but living now with God), but because her conscience was reproaching her for being so unlike her son. "Oh, never again shall I behold my son" she cried, "because I have been too wicked." I was only too glad to be her consoler; I told her how Jesus the Good Shepherd, and the angels of heaven, rejoiced when a sheep that had gone astray returned again to the fold. In Jesus' name I promised her pardon if she would repent for her past sins and return to the Church. She promised all, and even permitted me to announce it publicly in the church. Not the mother only but all the members of her family were in the same good dispositions.

As I said above, the husband of this woman is a Protestant. Although he was unmoved at the death of his son, and unconcerned about a future life, I thought it well, for his own and for his wife's sake, to speak to him about religion. At first he received me rather coldly and appeared not at all pleased at his wife's conversion. Yet, after I had spoken to him as one who sincerely wished them both well, he changed somewhat and came twice to visit me. It appeared now, that by God's grace he would soon become a fervent Catholic; nay, he even hoped, as he himself told me, that his younger brother and sisters would also follow his example. But, alas, the evil one would not give up his prey so easily. The poor soul is still struggling in the enemy's grasp. Yet I hope that, aided by Your Reverence's prayers, he will escape. He has just told his wife that he has resolved to apply to me soon for instruction and baptism.

Two adults and five grown up children have lately been received into the Church. The parents were induced to become Catholics by the pious behavior of one of their little children who is a Catholic.

Owing to the great floods in Lewiston this year, the Sisters of Providence were forced to seek a home here, and took part in the procession on Corpus Christi. The instructions of Your Reverence have produced much fruit. Every Sun-

day there are many Communions and these will be even more frequent as soon as harvest-time is over. In fact, ever since harvest and the time for gathering roots began, the church is deserted on week-days, as all the Indians go to their farms.

On July 9th, Frank Moranco came to me with a girl about fourteen years of age and asked to be married. As the girl, though a Protestant, was desirous of being received into the Church, I demanded at least one week to prepare her for these two sacraments, baptism and matrimony. Frank and the girl thought everything could be done in one day. At last they consented to wait. During the week of preparation, the bridegroom was to return home and come back to the church on the following Saturday. Fr. Morvillo happened to return that day and fully approved my plan. Indeed it was well that we took this course; for, during the week, Frank changed his mind about marrying, hurried back on Wednesday, and carried away his mother and his intended bride. The three days' instructions, however, were not lost, for the girl was so moved during that time that there is every reason to hope that she will soon return and ask for baptism. With an interesting account of the conversion of another girl, I shall begin my next letter; so, begging a share in your holy sacrifices,

I remain your servant in Christ,

A. SOER, S. J.

[The following extracts, the first from a back-number of the San Francisco *Monitor*, the second, from the *Catholic Review* of more recent date, may be found interesting here. ED.]

(From the San Francisco *Monitor*.)

In our last issue, we noticed some attacks made recently in the Portland *Daily News*, against the Jesuit Fathers and their missions, on the authority of Major Owen, Indian Agent to the Flatheads. It will be remembered that Major Owen's letter concluded thus: "*Lieut. Mullan has advised that they* (the Jesuit Fathers) *be ordered out of the country*," and that in the editorial remarks on Owen's letter it is said, that "*his statement will carry much weight.*"

To prove the wantonness with which some men, for their own purposes, write unmitigated falsehoods, and the recklessness with which others are found to publish and endorse them, we produce below a letter from Lieut. Mullan to Father Congiati, imploring him, eighteen months back, not to close the mission of the Cœur d'Alênes; Father Congiati, as Superior of that Order, having directed the fathers in charge of that mission to break it up, and retire to one of the other missions, in case the neophytes there, should attempt to take any part in the war then raging. This threat had the desired effect; and the Indians, dreading the consequences, remained at peace. The report having got abroad of the directions given by Father Congiati, Lieut. Mullan addressed the following letter to him, which speaks for itself:

MISSION OF THE SACRED HEART, W. T.,
September 17th, 1858.

REV. FATHER CONGIATI: *My Dear Sir*, — You, doubtless, as well as myself will be rejoiced to learn that the war, so far as regards the Cœur d'Alênes, is now at an end, and that a season of peace is about to supplant a state of things as terrible for us as for the Indians.

A new horizon now dawns for the future, and I trust sincerely that no passing cloud may hereafter be seen to darken the sky, either for us or themselves. They have been blind, but, fortunately, the scales have now fallen from their eyes, and they see clearly, and, what is more commendable, they acknowledge their error, and are willing to make any just amends that we may choose to impose. Thank kind heaven for it! I trust, therefore, my dear father, in view of the unremitting labors of your Order during the past fourteen years, and the new state of things for the future, that you will be disposed to revoke your order regarding the breaking-up of your mission among the Cœur d'Alênes and give them another trial. They are good Indians and can be made better, and now is an opportune moment when the attempt can be renewed.

I intend visiting Washington this winter, and shall return to San Francisco by early May, and during my stay in Washington I shall not be idle, but, on the contrary, shall endeavor to use my best exertions in behalf of the missions and Indians, and shall bring the few bands scattered in this vicinity to the special attention of the authorities, who will have authority to act in reference to the missions especially, and whatever the results may be that will attend my labors, they can speak for themselves.

I trust, therefore, father, you will not abandon these poor children of the wilds to themselves, but, on the contrary, since they have been willing to retrace their steps, rather let them be confirmed in their present good intentions, to set to work to build themselves up again, to forget the errors of the past and live only in the brightness of the future. I feel much in their behalf, and would, for one, much regret to see our noble fathers be compelled to give these people up to vice and wickedness, which alone must await them. I trust, then, you will well consider the course that is to be taken with these Indians. I hope to see you before I leave for the States. I shall start from San Francisco, as soon as I get back to the Dalles, and shall return to California about the 1st of May, when I hope you will make all your arrangements to accompany me at that time up to Oregon, and even into and across the mountains to Fort Benton. With my best wishes for your continued health and success in your noble works, I am, father,

Truly, your ob't serv't,
JOHN MULLAN,
Lieut. U. S. Army.

(From the *Catholic Review*.)

[Secretary Lamar has given permission that the letter, addressed by him to the Rev. T. S. Childs, D. D., of Washington, should be published in *The Independent*.]

I am in receipt, by reference from the President, of your letter to him of the 19th of September, stating that you have communications from different parts of the country, and from various institutions, asserting that "persistent efforts are being made on the part of the Roman Catholics to obtain control of the work of the government and of the different Protestant societies among the Indians;" and that "the complaints are so widespread and so alike that it *looks* like a general plan from a common source."

No details are furnished of any particular acts done or methods adopted, tending to show the persistent efforts of the Roman Catholics for accomplishing the end and design complained of. Indeed, the statement is so general that any answer to it must be of the same character.

The Department is not aware of the Roman Catholics having relation to any matter connected with the administration of the Indian service, which it thinks gives any ground for apprehension that they will succeed in obtaining control of the work of the government, or that of the different Protestant societies among the Indians, especially if the Protestants manifest zeal and energy in maintaining their position and prosecutiug their work.

There are not to exceed 260,000 Indians in this country, exclusive of any portion of the population of Alaska. The 69,000 composing the members of the Five Civilised Tribes and the New York Indians, are self-supporting and so far civilised as to be able to clearly make intelligent selection of the religious denomination with which they may choose to ally or connect themselves. The religious denominations engaged in the great work of elevating the race to a Christian civilisation, naturally feel a concern for the success of their efforts, and each desires to gather to itself the fruits of its labors. The interest and zeal manifested in the Indians by the various organisations are commendable and highly appreciated by the Department, and the desire and aim has been to throw no unnecessary obstacles in the way of any of them.

It has been and is the policy of the Administration of Indian Affairs, to leave the question of religion where it properly belongs—to the conscience of the individual Indian. None of the schools managed by the government are conducted in the interest of any religious denomination.

Among the 190,000 Indians for whose educational interest appropriations are made by Congress, there are about 40,000 children of school age. The government has facilities of its own for educating not to exceed one-fourth of that number. In view of this deficiency it has willingly availed itself of the offers of help made by the religious associations engaged in missionary and educational work on the reservations, and through them a portion of the money appropriated for Indian education is expended in a manner which enables the Department to extend the benefits intended to the greatest possible number of children. It is the policy of the Department to encourage in every proper and possible way the different religious denominations in their missionary and educational work among the Indians, and I am informed by the Chief of the Educational Division of the Indian Bureau, that when they erect buildings on the reservations and offer to engage in the educational work, contracts for the purpose are invariably made with them. The fact that there are more than 25,000 Indian children growing up in ignorance without school facilities, bears too heavily upon those who are charged with the administration of this important branch of the service, to warrant the belief that there will be any intentional hindrance of the efforts or refusal of the aid tendered by any efficient auxiliary for giving education and training to the greatest possible number composing this mass of ignorance.

If the Roman Catholics have been recognised to a greater extent than other denominations, it is only because they have asked more largely and have satisfied the Indian Bureau that they have the necessary equipment, where it is most needed, to aid in the work. They have an organisation known as the Bureau of Catholic Missions with headquarters in this city, under the general management of an energetic and a tireless director who travels much among the Indians, and appears to be kept fully advised through the agents of the church organisation to which he belongs, of any favorable opportunities for extending missionary educational work among them. It may be possible that this agency, so thoroughly organised, and so actively and zealously at work, extending its sphere of usefulness into a field so free and open to all, is reaching out into portions thereof not hitherto occupied by it.

The Department does not recognise the exclusive right in any denomination to engage in the missionary and educational work among the Indians on any reservation. The whole field, as far as the Department is concerned, is open to all religious denominations. The Protestants have the same rights as the Catholics—no greater, and no less. While the fact that one denomination is already engaged in the work among a particular tribe of Indians or on a specified reservation, is not considered by the Department as a necessary exclusion, under all circumstances and at all times, of another denomination or society desiring to go there to begin work, yet at the same time it neither urges, prompts nor suggests action by any denomination that would seem likely to bring about any interference with or clashing of denominational work or interests.

After careful consideration of the contents of your letter and the subject-matter to which it refers, I think I can confidently assure you that no aid or support or co-operation of any of the officers of the Department connected with the Indian service will be given to the execution or futherance of "any general plan from a common source," for giving to the Roman Catholics control of the work of the government and of the different societies among the Indians.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF POPE LEO XIII.

Celebrations in our American Colleges.

[In answer to a communication sent to all our American colleges, asking for brief sketches of their celebration of the jubilee of our Holy Father, we have received the following, which are inserted in the order in which the celebrations took place.]

St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, Ohio—Oct. 30th, 1887.

The last Sunday in October was set by Most Rev. Archbishop Elder, for the celebration, in Cincinnati, of the Pope's Jubilee. The college church of old St. Xavier's, which had just been tastefully frescoed, was gracefully festooned for the occasion, with the Papal colors. Its four marble altars were gay with flowers and decorations. In the morning, solemn High Mass was celebrated, and Fr. Calmer delivered, before a crowded congregation, a glowing panegyric on the power and glory of "Leo the Fisherman."

At night, Vespers were sung by a double choir. The twenty-five members of the senior college choir, robed in cassock and surplice, joined the fathers and scholastics in the sanctuary. At the conclusion of Vespers, seventy trained voices rendered a *Te Deum*, composed by Fr. Weninger. The aged missionary came forth on that day, from the retirement in which he is spending the glorious sunset of a brilliant life, to do his share in honoring our Holy Father, by directing the choir himself. The day was fittingly closed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Thus we of Cincinnati, priest and people, united in giving our humble meed of loyalty and devotion to the Holy See; and while other places have made greater demonstration, we are sure that none have given of their abundance with readier love and affection than the town that nestles on the banks of the beautiful Ohio. C.

GEORGETOWN, D. C.—Dec. 2nd, 1887.

(From the *College Journal.*)

The present has been in many ways a truly eventful year. In one respect especially it seems to have been peculiarly happy, and that is in the numerous occasions it has afforded great peoples of rejoicing in a common cause.

It afforded joy to the heart of every true German subject by bringing to a close the quarter of a century, during which his emperor sat on the throne at Berlin; it swelled with honest pride the bosom of every citizen over whom float the folds of the Union Jack, by burying in the past the last of fifty years that have run their course since Victoria ascended the throne of Great Britain; and as a fitting climax to a great series of events it brought the golden sacerdotal jubilee of the one prince on earth who holds universal sway, the sainted and illustrious Leo XIII., Pope and Bishop of Rome.

Prompted by the same feelings of affectionate regard that animate every child of the Church on this last occasion, the students of Georgetown College hastened to make manifest, by their own little demonstration, their joy at the auspicious event.

The second of December was appointed for the celebration of the jubilee at the college, and the literary portion of the commemorative exercises was held in the evening of that day. The spacious refectory, which was used for the occasion, just newly painted and frescoed, never looked so bright and cheerful. A temporary stage was erected at the head of the hall. The decorations and hangings helped wonderfully the general effect of neatness, and were a fitting complement to the soft glow of the lights and the rich tints of the ceiling and walls. A picture of the Holy Father hung in the background. Many of Father Curley's rare plants, with their generous branches, gave the stage and the immediate surroundings the appearance of a lovely springtime bower.

When the Reverend Faculty had been escorted to their seats, the four orators who had been selected from the class of Rhetoric to honor the occasion, entered and occupied seats on the stage. After a score of introductory music, W. J. McClusky arose and claimed the attention of the audience. His theme was: "Leo XIII. and the Proletariat." After briefly calling attention to the constant attitude of the Holy See towards the poorer classes, the speaker considered the

assiduous zeal the present occupant of the chair of St. Peter manifested in behalf of that class, and the beneficial influence he had exerted in whatever country his advice had been heeded.

After a short intermission, J. M. Prendergast arose to speak on "Leo XIII. and Catholic Education." Having said a few words on the infinite importance attached by the Holy Father to Catholic education, he referred to the noble work Leo XIII. had done in this cause. The speaker entered into his subject with enthusiasm, and showed how eminently His Holiness had deserved the praise of the learned world.

When Pierce J. Grace had finished a charming performance on the piano, D. J. Geary began to speak on "Leo XIII. and the European Powers." In the beginning of his speech he drew a very graphic picture of the meeting of Leo I. and Attila, and showed how this memorable event of history was repeated in modern times in the persons of our Holy Father and the great German Minister.

J. V. Dahlgren was the last speaker; his theme being "Leo XIII., Retrospect and Prospect." In portraying the splendid career of Leo XIII., the speaker took occasion to dwell on the great missionary works that had been inaugurated under the personal direction of the Holy Father, and he painted, in vivid words, a future glorious for the whole Church, but especially for the Church in America. The audience at this last point, interrupting the speaker, gave expression to their feelings in an outburst of applause.

The exercises of the evening were concluded by a few remarks from Rev. Father Rector, who congratulated the speakers on their very creditable display and expressed the hope that they would always defend the words they had just spoken. He then read the telegram which had been sent by cable to the Holy Father in the name of the students.

The religious part of the celebration took place on the following morning, when High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Rector. Father Gillespie was deacon, and Mr. Clifford was subdeacon, while Mr. Mullan was master of ceremonies.

It was thus that Georgetown, the oldest Catholic college in the country, did honor to herself in celebrating with so much enthusiasm the golden jubilee of the glorious patron of learning.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE, WORCESTER, MASS.—Dec. 3rd, 1887.

Perhaps the most charming weather of an unwontedly mild and open winter season was vouchsafed to us for our *Festa* in honor of the great Pontiff. The old poet could scarcely have anticipated that his rondo with its merry catch,

"A Southerly wind and a cloudless sky
Betoken a holiday morning."—

would be applicable to our northern, wind-swept hill during December days; but so it was. And among the other happy conjunctions we would not forget that it was on the day of St. Francis Xavier, than whom, we are sure, no saint more rejoiced in the honor bestowed upon Christ's Vicar on earth.

Great pains had been expended upon the chapel decorations. The high altar was well-nigh hidden in a bower of soft green leaves and trailing plants and flowers; and up above the myriad lights were elevated the Papal arms, embroidered on white satin. The choir gave an effective rendering of a carefully studied Mass by Palmer. Father Rector was celebrant, Fr. H. J. Shandelle, deacon, and Mr. W. S. Hayes, subdeacon. The services were concluded with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and the *Te Deum*, sung by the whole college.

When the students crowded into Fenwick Hall in the evening, they discovered that the stage had also been adorned in honor of the day. A glance at the topical arrangement of the elegant programme gives an idea of how admirably adapted was the scheme to embody adequately the many-sided life of Leo XIII. It comprised the following speeches by the collegians: The Priest—S. W. Wilby, The Legate—E. H. Sheehan, The Poet—O. M. McGee, The Philosopher—D. A. O'Brien, The Sovereign Pontiff—J. T. Bottomley. The Jubilee Ode was by G. F. X. Griffith.

The martial music of the Glee Club and the spirited playing of the College Orchestra contributed their share in what was, assuredly, a notable holiday for Holy Cross College.

ST. MARY'S, KANSAS—Dec. 8th, 1887.

In compliance with the wish of Rt. Rev. Bishop Fink, the jubilee in honor of Pope Leo XIII. was celebrated throughout the diocese of Leavenworth on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Our students, too, with whole-souled earnestness, fittingly manifested their love and rever-

ence for the venerable Vicar of Christ. At the early Mass, about two hundred of them offered up their Holy Communion for His Holiness, and later, at the High Mass, when sanctuary and choir seemed to vie with each other in giving solemnity to the divine service, many a young heart poured out fervent prayers to God for blessings on the common father of all the faithful. The piety of our boarders ever edifies visitors and consoles those who labor in this young vineyard. Knowing this reputation of our students, no one will be surprised to hear that, during the day of the jubilee, many were the visits to the chapel and many the appeals to the Divine Prisoner in the tabernacle, in behalf of the holy prisoner of the Vatican. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the day's offerings. The choir, with the orchestra under the direction of Father Moeller, fully sustained its well-deserved reputation. When the solemn strains of the *Te Deum* filled the chapel, the boys, joining in the refrain, looked and felt their love and thanks to God, who has given us such an able defender of the rights of Holy Church, in the person of Pope Leo XIII.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, MONTREAL, CANADA—Dec. 28th, 1887.

(From the *Catholic Review*.)

The Rev. Jesuit Fathers of St. Mary's College, Bleury Street, and their pupils, celebrated the jubilee of the Holy Father on Wednesday evening, Dec. 28th, with a literary and musical soirée, which was attended by the élite of Montreal Catholic society, to whom cards of invitation had been issued. The entertainment was under the patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal, who entered the Academic Hall precisely at eight o'clock, followed by the Rev. Fathers of St. Mary's and their clerical guests. After the orchestra had played a military march, the opening address was given by Mr. J. C. de Boucherville, his subject being "Leo XIII. as the Protector of the Fine Arts." Then followed a debate by six young gentlemen, Messrs. Ranger, Loranger, Gladu, Plante, De Martigny and Marien, as to whether sculpture, music, architecture, painting, poetry or eloquence is the art most worthy of the Holy Father's protection; a question which was decided by Mr. Martineau, who gave the palm to eloquence. Architecture, painting and sculpture, he said, were too materialistic; music was freer from this charge, and poetry still more expressive and elevated; but, of all the arts, eloquence was the one which had most influence over the minds of men.

Among the audience were gentlemen at the head of the learned professions in Montreal, such as Hon. Judges Baby and Papineau, Hon. Senator Trudel, Doctor Hingston, Doctor Laramée, Dr. Merrill, Hon. M. Chauveau, Mr. L. O. David, M.P., Mr. Desjardins, M.P., Mr. Frank Quinn, and many others.

The programme was interspersed with music by the orchestra, under the direction of Rev. Father Garceau, S. J., and with some fine singing by the college boys, under the direction of Rev. Lewis Cotter, S. J.

A pleasing feature was the recitation by young Master Surveyer, aged twelve, of the Holy Father's ode, "Auspicatus Ecclesiæ Triumphus," which he rendered with singular grace and sweetness. A translation of the same in French was afterwards given by Master A. Laramée. When the last notes of the jubilee chorus had died away, Rev. Father Turgeon, rector of the college, rose and addressed the audience. At the close of an apt speech he announced the reception that day of a cablegram from Rome conveying the Holy Father's blessing to the fathers and pupils of St. Mary's College. This blessing, at the rector's request, was then imparted by His Grace the Archbishop; the orchestra struck up *la Marche des Prêtres*, the boys, in all the bravery of their broadcloth and gold, filed off into the college, the audience dispersed into the snow-drifted streets, and the long line of fathers, in cap and gown, wound up the narrow aisle leading to the little entrance door and disappeared, surely well pleased with the manner in which their pupils had conducted the jubilee entertainment in honor of His Holiness, Leo XIII.

CANISIUS COLLEGE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Dec. 30th, 1887.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

With great pleasure do I comply with your wish to send you a brief account of our celebration of the Pope's jubilee at Canisius College. The students, first of all, sent a collective Latin address to the Holy Father, which will be presented to him by our V. Rev. Father General. The address was a real little gem, as far as art and design were concerned, and was the work of the Sisters of St. Francis, who had previously made that of the diocese of Buffalo, which was most highly praised by competent judges. Of course, the students delight in the idea, that their autographs will be presented in the Eternal City, and even attract the eyes

of the Holy Father, and they look forward to some kind of acknowledgment, in which hope they most likely will not be disappointed. Part of the public jubilee celebration took place on the evening of December 30th, when an historical drama, composed for the occasion by one of the faculty, was presented for the first time to a large and distinguished audience. The title of the play was "Alexander III.," and its subject, the bitter, but vain struggle of the Emperor Barbarossa against the successor of St. Peter. Although the events belong to the remote past, yet they reflected significant light on the present condition of the Church. The performance was very creditable and the piece gave such general satisfaction, that on some future occasion it will undoubtedly be played again. Having duly made the novena prescribed in order to gain the plenary indulgence granted by our Holy Father, our boys all went to confession on Saturday, and on the following morning offered up the general Communion for Leo XIII. Solemn High Mass was celebrated later in the morning. When dinner-time came, the happy boys saw, to their delight, that the Holy Father had even inspected their bill of fare and had also added, after a long list of good things, a delicious smoke. In the evening, the students, together with the numerous members of St. Michael's congregation, gathered once more in the spacious and richly decorated college-hall, to bring the day to a worthy close. Music and song cheered the hearts of all until finally came the oration of the day, delivered by a member of the faculty. Thus we spent at Canisius College this memorable day, and we hope that in the hearts of our young men and boys it has left a marked increase of love for our Holy Father and our holy Catholic Church. B.

GONZAGA COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Jan. 1st, 1888.

The students of the college had no special celebration, but church and college united in honoring the Holy Father on the first Sunday in January. The following account of the celebration is taken from the Baltimore *Mirror*.

At St. Aloysius' Church the sanctuary was beautifully adorned and brilliantly lighted. The main and side altars were decked with the brightest plants and fairest flowers. Father Jones was the celebrant of the grand High Mass. Gounod's Mass, St. Cecilia, was magnificently rendered by a full choir, with Bernay's orchestra and a chorus of thirty voices under the direction of Mr. Harry Sher-

man. Rev. E. A. McGurk, preached on "The Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII." The Reverend Father referred to the universal tributes of love and respect for the Pope, manifested by gifts from every nation and congratulations in every language. There were two causes for this reverence — first, the dignity of the Papacy, and, second, the distinguished merits with which the present pontiff had discharged the duties of his high office. Father McGurk dwelt upon the relation of the Pope to the Church, remarking that, as Peter was made the rock on which the Church should stand and as the shepherd of the flock should feed it, so the very continuance and existence of Christianity are made by Christ to depend upon the Papacy. He showed how through the history of Christianity the Pope had been at the head and had discharged the sacred trust. He was the sign by which the world could discover that Christ's promise, that he would be with the Church unto the consummation of time, had been fulfilled. The Reverend Father described the firmness with which the Pope maintained his temporal possession. Taking up the manacles and chains of which death had relieved his predecessor, and going into the seclusion of the Vatican, he had declined to break the triple crown so honorably his for so many centuries. Freedom, however, had not been necessary that his voice should reach his flock. Through his encyclicals he had reached the Church and the world. Aware of the intellectual activity of the world, he had encouraged a similar activity in the Church, and it would not be long before many great students would show the fruit of the Holy Father's encouragement of the study of St. Thomas Aquinas. The Reverend Father then spoke of the Pope's political relations with Spain, Germany and England, in all of which, he said, he had gained the approval and admiration of the world. Romberg's *Te Deum* was sung after the Mass.

St. Peter's College, Jersey City, N. J.—Jan. 6th, 1888.

From this college we have received only a neat programme unaccompanied by any description of the celebration. From this we gather that the collegians celebrated the golden jubilee of the Holy Father, on the morning of Friday, Jan. 6th, with appropriate literary exercises. These comprised a discourse on "Leo, the Prince of Peace," a poem on the Pope's motto: "Lumen in cœlo," an essay on "Leo, the Friend and Patron of Learning," another, on "Leo XIII. and Science," with recitations entitled: "Address to

Leo XIII.," "The Golden Jubilee," and "Congratulatory Verses." The programme with its golden border was in keeping with the occasion.

St. John's, Fordham, N. Y.—Jan. 15th, 1888.

Memorable as the 15th of January, 1888, will hereafter remain forever in the hearts of the children of the Catholic Church, on account of the faithful ones, whose names were inscribed by our Holy Father, Leo XIII. on the calendar of the saints, it was rendered particularly memorable to the faculty and students of St. John's College, by reason of the twofold celebration which on this day was held within its walls.

As His Holiness determined to make the canonisation of these saints the most solemn and glorious act of this festive season of his golden jubilee; as three of those raised to the altars of God were members of the Society of Jesus, for which he has always shown the tenderest love, in memory of the happy days spent as student at two of our colleges; and as it seems as though it gave him a special pleasure to hold up to the world St. John Berchmans as a new model and patron of youth; it was deemed most appropriate to join in one grand celebration the canonisation of the youthful saint and the golden jubilee of the venerable pontiff.

With this object in view, it was arranged to have for the morning services a solemn High Mass, sung in unison by the students, at which a panegyric of St. John Berchmans would be preached, and in the afternoon a literary and musical entertainment which would blend together the praise of the newly canonised saint, with that of our Holy Father.

The Mass was celebrated with unusual pomp by Reverend Father Rector, assisted by Father Walsh, as deacon, and Mr. Weber, as subdeacon.

The fact that St. John was a scholastic of the Society at the time of his holy death, suggested the propriety of having the story of his saintly life, with its simple and beautiful lessons of angelic virtue, told by one of his own grade in the order he loved so dearly and whose glory it is to number him among her favorite children.

Mr. Quirk was, therefore, chosen for the task, which was somewhat difficult, as it was the first time that a scholastic was called on, of late years, to preach before the students. Even bearing in mind how slowly and softly praise should come to the ears of the living, however deserving they may be, it still should be said the panegyric was uniformly praised

both for its matter and manner of delivery by all who had the pleasure of hearing it. A clear and distinct picture it was, of a pure and gifted soul, with its aspirations directed towards God, a resolute will never to swerve from the path of duty and virtue. The light and shade, the trials and marvellous virtue, of this favored child of heaven were set forth in such nice proportions, his every quality of mind and heart were drawn with such clearness and spirit, that many a year will come and go before the beauty of St. John's character will fade from the minds of those who listened to his panegyric.

In the evening, the glorious works of our Holy Father's pontificate were rehearsed by members of the higher classes, in Latin and English orations. A poem in honor of our Lady of Montague and also one in honor of our Holy Father, was read. The exercises were concluded by the choir singing the *Te Deum.* Afterwards all repaired to the chapel where the celebration was appropriately brought to an end by solemn Benediction.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN—Jan. 15th, 1888.

(From a Detroit paper.)

The jubilee of Pope Leo's priesthood was celebrated at the Church of SS. Peter and Paul yesterday, in accordance with the pre-arranged programme. The trimmings and drapings hung for Christmas were still in place and the altars richly dressed. At the morning masses and in the evening, the church was crowded to the doors, the aggregate attendance of the day being between six and seven thousand.

The first discourse of the day was delivered by Father Cornelius B. Sullivan, vice-president of Detroit College. His theme was "Leo the Priest."

"The termination of fifty years of any sort of life," he said, "is a memorable event, and if those fifty years have been years of honor, it is a fitting occasion for felicitation. What do fifty years of priestly life convey to the Catholic mind? Travel in imagination over those fifty years. There is the going forth from home and kindred; there is the long life of study, prayer and austere preparation; there is the giving up of pleasures that others enjoy, but of which it were sin for the Levite to taste. At length he emerges from solitude, which men commonly give to supplying the delights of the awakening passions. Behold him as he stands at the altar for the first time vested in his priestly robes. From

this moment he is alone, a man apart with God alone, a priest forever. He knows no ties of flesh and blood. He traces his lineage to God alone. For him the battle has begun. As the years roll on, he must be still more the man of penance, the man of study, the man of intercourse with God. He has received a heavy burden, a fearful responsibility. He is priest, father, judge and teacher. To fulfill these duties he can depend on God alone. The fiftieth year in Pope Leo's priesthood has been reached. Feeble is his step and bowed his gray head. Gather round him to-day, the holy old priest! What a story the guardian angel could tell of those fifty years! Tell us, Angel of the priesthood, of his long, fierce battle with the world, of the many sacraments he has administered, of the sinners he has led out of the shadow of the dark valley; of the broken hearts he has healed, of the outcast Magdalenes he has brought to the sheltering protection of the Good Shepherd, of the sick he has comforted and the dying he has cheered, of the orphans and the poor to whom he has been the loving father and true friend, of the ignorant he has instructed, of the temples he has built and beautified. Tell us of the trials and cares and sorrows that have wrinkled his brow, of the gloomy secrets that have sunk into his soul, of the virtues he has practised, his prudence, meekness, fervent prayer. Tell us of the hostile criticisms passed upon him by the indifferent and the cold. Honor him, ye Catholic people; aye, honor the gray-haired priest who has come-forth from the trial of these fifty years with spotless integrity; honor him as the warm tears course down his cheeks whilst he holds your God and his God in his trembling hands and thinks of that day in the long ago when for the first time he offered the great sacrifice of the Lamb. Catholic parents, do you number among your sons one who is destined for the honors of the priesthood? If so, bless God. Choose not any child of yours for this dread responsibility; for this would be to usurp the authority of Christ. But if you possess a child who has heard the voice of the Master calling him into the sanctuary, cherish that child and guard him against the allurements of sin."

At half past 10 A. M. solemn High Mass was celebrated, with Fr. J. P. Frieden, rector of Detroit College, as celebrant. Fr. Charles Coppens delivered a discourse on "Leo, the Man," treating the main events in the life of the Pope, paying a high tribute to his erudition as a scholar, his piety as a priest and pontiff, his ability as a diplomat and his liberality as a patron of the arts and sciences.

In the evening Father Thomas Hughes delivered a lec-

ture on "Leo, the Pope," it being a review of the papacy. He said: "In this jubilee fête a significant historical fact flashes on the eye. It is the unbroken line of Roman pontiffs, from the time of St. Peter to Pope Leo XIII. It is a line which has been cut short neither by vacancy nor by vice. It set out nearly nineteen centuries ago, with the full intent, deliberate and expressed, of lasting throughout time. Eighteen centuries pass away; thirteen nations, between the Persian Gulf and the Atlantic, lend their representatives to fill the chair of Peter; the world beholds it filled by 253 lawful successors of St. Peter, and the chair still remains. The See of Rome has been kept supplied by election; yet has it not failed. Here is a marvel, abstracting from all else; an elective monarchy is, humanly speaking, a thing incapable of lasting. Besides heresies, a brood of evils in the shape of violence and of schism was produced by the different ages as they ran on; but the series of popes remains, clothed with a four-fold glory, the light of their sanctity, of their great achievements, of their learning, and of their extraordinary abilities in government. In brief, history declares that the substantial form of the Church, as manifested in the visible actions of her visible head, has been immovable. It moreover declares that the popes, in exerting that extraordinary vitality with which they administered her affairs, saved Europe from barbarians, civilised it with arts and sciences, and spread Christianity through the world. Wisdom is justified in her children; Christ in his faithful; and the Church in her pastors. They have been faithful to her from the first Pope, St. Peter, to Pope Leo XIII., the latest but not the last of the indefectible line, and one of the greatest pontiffs, in his sanctity and wisdom, that have ever occupied the Papal throne."

After the sermon, prayers were said by the congregation for the Holy Father, and the services ended with solemn Benediction and the singing of the *Te Deum* by the Acolythical Society. The chimes of the church closed the day's celebration with the *Te Deum*.

Morrison, Colorado—Jan. 18th, 1888.

We have received from Morrison College, Colorado, an elaborately printed programme which would seem to denote a celebration of a very high character. Having received no other account of the celebration, we can give only a synopsis of the programme. The celebration began with a pontifical Mass at which Right Rev. Bishop Matz, Coadjutor-

Bishop of Denver, acted as celebrant, the Rev. Rector of the college as assistant priest, Fr. Brunner, as deacon, Mr. Cordoba as subdeacon, and Mr. Kowald as master of ceremonies. The choir was under the direction of Mr. Chappuis. The panegyric was delivered by Rt. Rev. J. P. Machebœuf, Bishop of Denver.

The pontifical Mass was followed by a literary and musical entertainment embracing addresses in Latin, French, Italian, English and German. This was followed, at noon, by a banquet, and in the afternoon, by another literary feast in which the praises of the Holy Father were blended with those of the newly canonised saints of the Society. This included also addresses of welcome to the bishops who were present on the occasion. The day closed with a singing of the *Te Deum* and solemn Benediction.

St. Francis Xavier's, New York—Feb. 15th, 1888.

[From the following extracts, taken from the February number of the *Xavier*, it will appear that the college celebration took place at so late a date, that we have not yet received any account in detail.]

On the eve of the New Year the Jubilee of the Pope was celebrated with unusual splendor in the Church of St. Francis Xavier. There was a solemn procession of all the clergy of the church and college, followed by a *Te Deum* with orchestral accompaniment. Rev. Fr. McCarthy drew a picture of the celebration then taking place in the Vatican itself, referring in a striking manner to the military guard presenting arms during the elevation to Him who is the God of Armies.

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The feast of the new saint, St. John Berchmans, of the Society of Jesus, canonised at Rome by Pope Leo XIII., on Sunday, January 15th, 1888, one of the Patrons of Youth, will be celebrated by the students of St. Francis Xavier's College on February 15th. The Jubilee of the Pope will be celebrated by the students on the same day.

A MIRACLE

WROUGHT BY ST. JOHN BERCHMANS ON THE DAY OF HIS CANONISATION.

FIESOLE, February 9th, 1888.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER IN XT.,

P. C.

I enclose the account of a miracle wrought through the intercession of St. John Berchmans on the day of his canonisation. It was sent to us by the Roman Provincial, and afterwards published in the Florence paper *Il Giorno.*

Yours very sincerely in D^no^,

E. V. BOURSAUD, S. J.

The following account is furnished by the Archpriest of Ferrara referred to in the sketch.

Louisa Boari, a niece of Canon Boari d'Argenta, Archpriest of Ferrara, had been suffering from consumption for many years. The physician who attended her had long since discovered that her right lung was completely consumed, while the left was slowly wasting away. In addition to this she experienced the greatest difficulty in breathing, and an aversion to all kinds of food. For the last year she had been living on milk alone, and even this she had recently been unable to take, except in very small quantities, and not without suffering acute pains in the stomach. Still later she suffered every night from a fever which threatened her speedy death. Her life, in a word, was despaired of. I who was her confessor was obliged to tell her of her condition and admonish her to prepare for the end. On Saturday morning, January 14th, she sent for me to hear her confession, which she was accustomed to make every week. She showed herself piously resigned, and even anxious to die, in order, as she said, to be with Christ.

I told her how, on the following day, the canonisation of Blessed John Berchmans was to take place, and advised her to invoke his aid with confidence, and on the morrow to ask of him a perfect cure, if such should be to the greater glory of God and the sanctification of her soul. She yielded, in the spirit of obedience, and promised to ask the grace. I gave her a relic of Blessed Berchmans and withdrew. That

evening the usual fever returned. On awakening at midnight, she found herself no better than before; some time later, however, she awoke and found herself completely cured. She made several experiments to be sure that it was not an illusion. She soon realised, beyond a doubt, that the cure was complete, and then joyfully cried out: "I am cured, I am cured! Blessed John Berchmans has cured me!" This happened at about 4 A. M., and she eagerly asked to go to the church to hear the first Mass, which is said before dawn; but the rest of the family would not allow her to do so. She went, however, to the parochial Mass, and received Holy Communion, besides attending all the ceremonies, kneeling nearly the whole time. She felt no inconvenience whatever from these unusual efforts, and, on returning home, she ate her breakfast with an excellent appetite. On Monday she observed the abstinence in honor of St. Anthony with the rest of the family, her meals consisting of beans, stock-fish and polenta. On Tuesday, in spite of the great cold, she visited the Madonna della Celetta; and, after this walk of about three American miles, she stopped at the church of St. Nicholas where she remained for all the evening ceremonies, kneeling as on Sunday without feeling any inconvenience. On Wednesday, the doctor was sent for and was amazed at finding no trace of sickness left. *Mirabilis Deus in sanctis suis!* was his exclamation as he bade her good bye. At present she is in perfect health and everything leaves us to understand that the cure is complete and lasting.

ACCOUNT OF THE MIRACLES

ADMITTED BY THE CONGREGATION OF RITES FOR THE CANONISATION OF ST. PETER CLAVER.

Devotion to Peter Claver in the United States began with his beatification. At that time, I preached a mission in our church of St. Joseph, at St. Louis. As Christ bade his Apostles preach, and lay hands on the sick, I resolved to do what Christ admonished the "Heralds of the Gospel" to do, and to place the relics of Blessed Peter on the heads of the sick. But in order not to interfere with the order and quiet of the mission, I announced to the people, that I would attend to the sick, only after the conclusion of the mission; that they must first take care of their souls, making the exercises as well as possible, and then continue the invocation of Blessed Peter Claver every day till his feast—the 9th of September.

At the end of the second mission at St. Joseph's, they brought among the sick a child born blind, that did not move the pupil of its eye when the flame of a candle was placed before it. The following day, the parents came and thanked me, because the child had got the perfect use of its eyes. I told the parents to thank God and his servant Blessed Peter Claver; but I felt no impulse or inclination to speak of the favor to others.

After that, I gave missions uninterruptedly for nearly forty years, imposing the relics over and over again at the conclusion of missions, and cures followed cures almost without interruption; so that the veneration of Peter Claver was spreading and increasing throughout the whole of the United States, over which I constantly travelled; but still I felt no impulse to notify Rome of these cures.

Finally, during the year 1862 I gave a mission at Melrose, near New York. There a woman came, afflicted with a rotten hand. One finger especially was putrefying, and the whole hand was a mass of corruption. Gangrene had set in, and the hand was to be cut off. I placed the relics on the sore hand, and told the woman to come next morning to church, and that meanwhile, I would recommend her to Blessed Peter Claver. She came, and during Mass she felt a heavy stroke on her hand. At once she rose up, and, anxious to see what had happened, went out into the street

and removed the bandage, when she saw that she had, as it were, a new hand, for the flesh was tender and fresh as a boiled egg without the shell, and no more corruption was visible. Seeing this change, she began to cry in a loud voice, "Glory, Glory to God! I am cured!" At this, a crowd quickly assembled, and among them an apothecary, who had a drug-store on the corner opposite the church; as he knew the previous condition of the woman's hand, he said to the people: "I don't know what the priest in the church did to cure that hand, but one thing I say,—*that is a wonder.*"

Even this case I did not feel disposed to refer to Rome. But proceeding from Melrose to the neighboring parish of Manhattanville, I was standing in the sacristy, when, suddenly, I felt my finger pierced as by a lancet, and the pain almost made me sink to the floor. My finger began to swell. Then I began to think that possibly Blessed Peter Claver was thus afflicting me, for not heeding the fact, that these cures were wrought by God to promote his canonisation. So I addressed myself to him, asking him to cure me, and promising, in turn, that I would immediately inquire from Rome what I was to do in regard to many, nay innumerable cures, worked through the application of the relics of Peter Claver. Fr. Boero, who was the Promoter of the Processes for our Venerables, replied that I had only to state the facts to the bishops, and send the cases to the Congregation of Rites for examination. Fr. Boero added that *two* evident miracles would do; nay, that one miracle of the first class would suffice, if it happened after the beatification. So I sent only five miraculous cures to Rome.

Of these, the Congregation selected three and sent the "Instructions" to the bishops. The first was that of a lady in Milwaukee, eighty-two years of age, who had been afflicted for twelve years by a cancer on the right cheek. The second was that of a girl with a broken collar-bone in Valley Nippenose in the diocese of Philadelphia. The third of a man in St. Louis, who had caries of the breast-bone and three ribs, and pulmonary consumption.

On the first case, the Papal Court met in Milwaukee. It was in the year 1862 that the old lady went, on the feast of St. Peter, to ask the blessing of his relics. I laid the relics on the cancer, and the cancer disappeared at once. She went joyfully home, rubbing her face with her hands, and telling the people: "See! I told you that I shall come home, and the cancer will be gone."

The second cure was that of a girl, who had broken her collar-bone, and for four months was under the treatment of

some doctors of Williamsport, and without success. The bones would not join, and her mother said to her, while dressing the arm, before going to the church during the mission: "My daughter, you will never be cured, but console yourself with the thought that you can be saved with one hand, as well as with two." Coming to the confessional, the girl blessed herself with the left hand; I asked her the reason. She answered: "I am disabled, and cannot move the right hand; the bone is broken." I then asked her if she felt devotion in the intercession of the saints. As she replied in the affirmative, I brought her to the sacristy, and laid the relics on the bandage. She simply said: "Thank you," untied the bandage, and after Mass went straight to the priest's house and began to iron the wash. On coming home, she joyfully swung her hand before her mother's eyes, exclaiming: "See! no more broken bone!" and began to load a wagon with hay.

The third case was that of Ignatius Strecker, in the year 1864. His breast-bone and three ribs were eaten by caries; he was afflicted with a diseased throat and pulmonary consumption. The doctors advised his wife to prepare for his funeral. Then the wife told him that after the mission I was giving, I would impose relics on the sick. He wanted to have the relics applied to him too. As soon as the relics were laid on him, he said to his wife: "Now I can dance." In a moment he was cured of all rottenness of the bones, and of his consumption, and immediately went to work. He was a baker by trade.

His wife told me, that when she heard me announce that I would lay relics on the sick, she thought this would be useless to her husband, for she had already made a novena in honor of the Blessed Virgin, but without avail. Now, she thought, as Mary is higher in Heaven than Blessed Peter Claver, he could not do more than she. While these thoughts were running in her mind, she suddenly heard a voice, as from Heaven: "You are right, my daughter, I am the Queen of Saints, but I wish my servants also to be honored." The processes of these miracles were sent to Rome, and the Congregation selected two of them for the Decree of Canonisation.[1]

When called to the witness-stand, I testified that I had

[1] Here is the passage in the decree recording the miracles: "Constare de duobus miraculis intercessore Beato Petro Claver a Deo patratis; scil. de primo: Instantaneæ perfectæque sanationis Barbaræ Dressen mulieris octogenariæ ab inveterato cancro epitheliali in dextera maxilla; ac de secundo: Subitaneæ perfectæque sanationis Ignatii Strecker a carie sterni et costarum thoracis sinistri gravissimo pulmonum vitio conjuncta."

imposed the relics, and that cures constantly happened; but I never heard what had been done with the processes sent to Rome, whether the Congregation had made use of them or not. Twenty years passed, and finally I heard that Blessed Peter was to be canonised in 1885; again that the canonisation was deferred till 1886, and again till 1887. All that time I did not inquire whether the Congregation had used the miracles proposed by me; and when the canonisation took place on the 15th of January of this year, I did not know whether these miracles had been used. I thought I would offer to the Lord, in honor of St. Peter, this act of self-abnegation, saying: "Anyhow the news will soon be published," and so it happened. The *Catholic Review* printed a letter from its Roman correspondent, giving an account of the canonisation, and the *Letters and Notices* arrived, and I felt exceedingly thankful to God and St. Peter. At the same time, I was glad that I had offered faithfully, through twenty years, the sacrifice of mortified curiosity, that powerful plague to human frailty.

FRANCIS XAVIER WENINGER, S. J.

Cincinnati, Feb. 26th, 1888.

FATHER YENNI'S JUBILEE.

Fr. Dominic Yenni, of Spring Hill College, New Orleans Mission, is the author of a Latin and a Greek grammar which are held in high esteem and are in use in many of our colleges in this country. Some months ago, Very Rev. Fr. General sent him a letter to congratulate him on having taught grammar for *fifty years*. We were very desirous to get a copy of this letter and print it, as it would make edifying reading and encourage teachers. Accordingly we applied to Rev. Fr. Butler and received the following answer:

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 10th, 1888.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,

P. C.

It would have given me very great pleasure to have been able to comply with your request, but good Father Yenni has made it impossible for me to do so. A day or two after receiving the letter from Very Rev. Fr. General, in his great humility he destroyed it, fearing that it would be found after his death, and probably published, and that thus he would receive praise which, in his opinion, he does not think he deserves. So you see his great humility induced him to do away with the letter which we so much desired to have.

R^ae^ V^ae^ servus in X^to^,

THEOBALD W. BUTLER, S. J.

OBITUARY.

Brother Joseph A. Vigeant.

On the 28th of December, the feast of the Holy Innocents, the Novitiate at Frederick witnessed a revival, accidental it is true, of that ancient Catholic usage, which prescribed a family feast upon the death of one of its members. The novices were about to celebrate their feast, when the community-bell called all, according to their devotion, to say a prayer for a departed soul, for our coadjutor-brother, Joseph A. Vigeant. There was no surprise in this. The prayer for the dying had been added to the Litanies for a month previous, and, when the death-knell sounded, it recalled rather the necessity for thanking God for his goodness and mercy than the need of prayers for the deceased.

Brother Vigeant was by birth a Canadian, though his parents for some years lived in the States. He was born on the 11th of April, 1859, and entered the Society, September 29th, 1880. From his entrance he showed singular aptitude for every office to which superiors appointed him. In the kitchen, the refectory and the infirmary, he was painstaking and willing in all his labors; and afterwards, as a machinist, by reason of his rapid progress, he bid fair to become a workman of great skill. Superiors, however, preferred to utilise his services in other duties. He was appointed buyer, and his modesty and humility in performing the duties of this office led him to be highly esteemed and loved by those with whom he had dealings. He was, moreover, visitor at night, and it was while fulfilling this office that he met with an accident which brought on his death. As he was crossing the garden upon a dark night, he ran sharply against a bench, the edge of which struck him in the chest. As he moved at a rapid pace, the force of the collision overthrew him, and, when he arose, he spat blood. He was at once placed in the infirmary and received all the care that kindness and experience could suggest. He recovered, after a time, sufficiently to resume part of his duties, but the accident had robbed him of much of that vigor and earnestness with which he was accustomed to pursue his labors. After two years of indifferent health, Brother Vigeant contracted a cold, and a little later, experienced a return of hemorrhages, that obliged him, first, to forego all work, and in August, 1887, to keep his room. After a lapse of five months, he died, as was said above, on the feast of the Holy Innocents.

In recalling the life of our departed brother, there is one element traceable throughout all his actions, both spiritual and temporal, which merits our consideration. His character was one of great and prudent determination. This quality served him in good stead as buyer; for it led to a prompt and judicious management, which gave full satisfaction to his superiors, and which never compromised the dignity and sanctity of his religious calling. A man of few words, but always courteous, he attended strictly to the business which he had with others. But though his zeal for his Father's house showed itself thus in temporal matters—which in a large community must needs be multifarious and distracting—these were, to Brother Vigeant, only causes why he should attend to, and demand, a strict account of himself in his spiritual concerns. Of an essentially serious mind, his idea of our Society, as its plan was unrolled before him in rule and instruction and guidance, urged him always to seek for that lofty and sublime perfection held out to us by our Holy Founder.

Hence, with this object before him, his determination ripened into constancy, and his seriousness, acted upon by a high estimate of the life to which he was called, formed in him an undercurrent, that made him deeply religious, and gave him that *motif* which, duly cherished and followed in all its bearings, makes our perfection so truly a personal matter. Indications of this trait were not wanting even in the first days of his noviceship. He had been but a short time in religion, when an extern who had occasion to meet Ours frequently, happening to see him, remarked on account of his modesty that he must have been a religious of many years. And that modesty was not ephemeral. It grew from day to day, and, under constant care, it ceased to be something merely external, but, having its origin within, it became a force that compelled the greatest respect from those who knew him best, while, in the house, his regular and careful observance was known to all. So, too, a beautiful and consoling proof of his constancy was his earnest and humble avowal of his faults.

Yet it was not in the fear and trembling of a daily strife that Brother Vigeant was to approach to God. It was early in his career that he met with the fatal accident, and, though he seemed to recover, he was destined to complete the work of his sanctification by sickness. When the special need of the virtue of patience became apparent, our brother brought all the force of his strong character to preserve and strengthen his soul in its practice. Sickness, some one has remarked, is the test of a true religious, and our brother, were there any doubt of his religious spirit, would have quickly dispelled it by his edifying fortitude. For one so lively and so active, consumption, the disease which developed itself, with its slow marching, with its racking cough and ever-present pain, was especially trying. The confinement, the isolation, the longing to see and converse with others, the weary days, the long lonely vigils of the night,—all these he bore in the hope of joy to come, with confidence in God and most gentle resignation. As he wasted slowly, he appreciated more and more the glory of suffering, and, though the least motion of his body caused him intense pain, he never murmured. No impatient word crossed his lips, for he was suffering for Christ, and as the days wore on and the hallowed Christmas-time again drew near, he counted his sufferings a joy, because they might bring him then to die,—a joy that broke forth in words, as he said to the infirmarian on Christmas Eve: "O brother, if I could but go to-night." But still he lingered, until, with a passing-away so quiet that it could hardly be detected, he went to God on the feast of the Holy Innocents.—R. I. P.

Father Joseph Vetter.

Fr. Joseph Vetter died at the Carney Hospital, Boston, on Jan. 7th, 1888. Born at Molsheim, Alsace, Feb. 26th, 1819, on the completion of his classical studies, he entered the theological seminary at Strasburg, where he was noted for his piety and fervor. He was a member of the students' sodality, directed at that time by Fr. Liebermann, and in this body, composed of the most devoted seminarians, young Vetter held a conspicuous place. He was ordained in due time and spent some years in labor as a secular priest; but, zealous for the better gifts, he applied for and obtained admission into the Society of Jesus. He began his noviceship on Dec. 16th, 1847, at Issenheim, Province of France. Towards the end of his second year of noviceship he spent some months in renewing his classical studies, and was then sent to the College of Brugelette, where he repeated his course of philosophy and taught catechism in the parish church. In 1851 we find him at Laval, preparing for the examination *ad gradum*, and directing the German and French academies. Soon after this he was sent to the New York and Canada Mission. Having devoted a portion of the scholastic year 1852–53 to the study of English at St. Francis Xavier's, New York, he was called to St. Mary's College, Montreal, where

he began his labors as professor of philosophy. He was at the same time subminister, and confessor of Ours, explained the points of meditation to the brothers, and heard confessions in the church. To these duties was added, the following year, the care of the German Catholics living in the city. Appointed minister of the college in 1855, he discharged the duties of this laborious office without in any way neglecting the other occupations imposed upon him by obedience. Being a man of few words, and caring for nothing but his work, he found time for all the work given him. Sent to take pastoral charge of St. Ann's, Buffalo, in 1858, he accomplished a great deal of good during the two years he remained there. In Sept. 1860, Fr. Vetter was called to Fordham to teach the first year of philosophy; during this year he assisted in the parish church, and heard the confessions of the Ursulines and of their pupils at Melrose. During the third year of probation, spent at Frederick, Md., he acquired an increase of zeal and devotedness for the labors that still awaited him in the Master's vineyard. He was pastor of St. Michael's, Buffalo, for one year, and then we find him, with a multiplicity of occupations, at St. John's Fordham, in 1863–64. He taught philosophy, examined Ours, presided over the cases of conscience, directed the Holy Angels' Sodality, heard the confessions of the students, and attended the Ursulines at Melrose. He still had time for other labors, and, accordingly, in the following year, he was appointed spiritual father, confessor of Ours in the scholasticate, and confessor of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville. Called to Buffalo a third time in 1865, he acted as minister, confessor of Ours, and of the Sisters of St. Joseph, presided over the cases of conscience, and performed regular parochial duties at St. Michael's Church.

These labors were soon brought to a close and a new field of zeal opened for Fr. Vetter in a truly marvellous way. In 1866 his eyesight failed completely, and he was obliged to leave Buffalo and go to New York for medical treatment. There his eyes were examined by eminent oculists, and his case pronounced hopeless. Difficult as the sacrifice demanded must have been to one who so loved work, we may be sure it was cheerfully made. That it was promptly rewarded, the sequel will show. Just at that time the cholera broke out in the public institutions on Blackwell's Island, the father in charge at the Workhouse was stricken down and the Island Mission was in the greatest need. Fr. Vetter offered himself to do what he could in his infirm condition, and his offer was gladly accepted. Sixteen years of labor in this field, fruitful in good results, was, in part, the reward given him for his cheerful sacrifice. He was assigned to duty at the Charity Hospital and the Penitentiary. The deaths of his penitents were most edifying, but his patience was sorely tried by many whom he prepared for health, and who did not die. His flock was composed in a great measure of the most abandoned characters, the outcasts of a great city. To the Charity Hospital came again and again the same unfortunate women. Moved by the grace of God and the good father's counsel and exhortation, they promised to amend their lives and were prepared for the sacraments of penance and the Holy Eucharist, which they received with every evidence of sincere contrition; but leaving the hospital when restored to health, and thrown again into occasions of sin, they resumed their wicked life. Some even who had been prepared for death half a dozen times, and, unfortunately, did not die, began again the old life of sin on the very day on which they were discharged from the hospital. Such relapses so moved Fr. Vetter, that he seriously entertained thoughts of refusing the last sacraments to such persons, and of allowing them to die with only a conditional absolution. Trials of bodily suffering also helped to complete his crown. His health, never robust, was much enfeebled by his continued labors. One of his arms had been twice broken in his younger days, and from this he suffered much as he grew older; yet, despite these infirmities, he labored faithfully and without complaint, in this trying field, for sixteen years. At the end

of that period, his health was so shattered by his unremitting toil, that superiors were obliged to remove him to a place where he might receive the care and attention he so much needed.

A stay of some weeks at St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City, and the attention of the kind Sisters of St. Francis, effected, in some measure at least, the desired result. Restored to better health, Fr. Vetter was anxious to be at work again, and asked for employment. He was assigned to duty at St. Mary's, Boston, his last field of labor. Here he lived five years, rendering himself extremely useful by his assiduity in hearing confessions, and by preaching in German and English; at all times ready to do whatever lay in his power for the good of souls. His self-denial was complete; he did not spare himself in anything, and had no desire to get credit for what he was doing. Those who knew him most intimately, appreciated most his real worth. His words were few and always about God or his works. One of the fathers who labored with him on Blackwell's Island, to whom our thanks are due for much that this sketch contains, bears cheerful witness to his solid virtue, and tells us that, owing to his extreme reserve in speaking of himself, even those who were living in the closest intercourse with him had but a limited knowledge of him. So it was that death found him, with full sheaves. Returning from the German church to St. Mary's, he stepped on a piece of coal and fell in the street; his head struck against a stone step and was badly cut; erysipelas set in and he was removed to the hospital where he received every care and attention; but no earthly remedy availed him. After two weeks of very great pain and suffering, he died fortified by the sacraments and last rites of the Church. His body was buried at Holy Cross College, Worcester.—R. I. P.

Varia.

ADVERTISEMENT.—We have not been enabled to give the articles promised for this number, on the Conewago Jubilee and on Fr. Bapst. Interesting accounts of the labors of Ours are solicited, also items for the VARIA. *Our thanks are due to several contributors for their promptness in responding to this request.*

Alaska.—Rev. Fr. Cataldo writes to the Editor: "The only important news is that our V. Rev. Fr. General tells me to do all we can for Alaska; but what *we* can do, without help from other provinces, is very little at present: only one father and one brother will start for the Yukon by the first steamer from San Francisco, probably in May."

Albania.—From Scutari we learn that the combined efforts of the Consuls of Austria and Italy, backed by their ambassadors, have not as yet succeeded in obtaining justice for the atrocious murder of our scholastic, Gennaro Pastore.

Belgium, Enghien.—The opening of the New Scholasticate of St. Augustine, belonging to the Province of Champagne, took place on the 25th of last Oct. Among the guests were the Bishop of Tournai, Mgr. Baunard, the provincials of Belgium and Champagne, the rectors of our colleges in Belgium, the professors of the scholasticate at Louvain, and a number of officials and leading citizens of Enghien. All were delighted with the feast, and the Mayor before leaving asked Fr. Rector for the "cantatas" which together with a description of the ceremony he intends to place among the archives of Enghien. —We have received the following statistics of the Belgium colleges, for 87–'88: number of students in the university course 97, in the Latin classes 3,024; in the French classes 1,112; in the elementary classes 1,391. Total number of students 5,624.

Books.—The second edition of Fr. Sabetti's *Moral Theology* was sold in a couple of months, and the third has appeared. It is highly appreciated both in this country and in Europe, especially at the University of Innsbruck, where it would have been introduced as text-book, were the price not too exorbitant for European students' purses. — Fr. Bucceroni has published an *Enchiridion Morale*, a very useful collection of decisions of the Roman Congregations, for the use of professors and confessors.—Fr. Meschler, novice-master and ex-Provincial has written a beautiful and practical *Commentary on the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius*. It has been translated, by permission, and will be printed at Woodstock for the use of Ours.—*Historia Exercitiorum Spiritualium S. P. Ignatii, auctore Ignatio Diertins, S. J.*, this interesting book, as announced some time since, has now been republished by Fr. Watrigant.—Fr. Frins has finished his answer to the Dominican Dummermuth.—Another Dominican, Fr. Denifle, edits, together with a Jesuit, Fr. Ehrle, an historical review, which appears in Berlin.—Fr. Cornoldi has written a book on the *Divina Commedia*. His principal object is to show that the Philosophy and Theology of Dante in his poem, is the Philosophy and Theology of the Angelic Doctor; and in this, Fr. Cornoldi has succeeded admirably well. — Fr. Gietmann has begun a work in which he discusses the greatest masterpieces of various literatures according to æsthetic, moral and religious principles. In the first volume, he treats of the Divina Commedia; in the second of Wolfram's Parzival, Gœthe's Faust, and the Book of Job, and more briefly of Æschylus' Prometheus, Gœthe's Promotheus and Pandora, Hroswitha's Theophilus, and Calderon's Magus.—Fr. Baumgartner has sent us the second edition of *Longfellow's Life and Poems*. A very beautiful book, written with sympathetic appreciation of the great American poet. The *Life and Works of Gœthe*, in three volumes by the same author, has pro-

duced a great sensation in Germany. Many conservative Protestant critics are just as enthusiastic in its praise as the Catholics themselves. The author has been called "The Janssen of the History of Literature."—Fr. Spillmann has published two volumes on the *English Martyrs:* the first, on the Martyrs under Henry VIII.; the second, on those under Elizabeth.

[*Correction.*—In the list of English Martyrs, given in our last volume, pp. 306 and 307, the title of "Venerable" was by mistake put before the name of Fr. Thomas Metham and the eight immediately following.]

Fr. Gerard's Latin Grammar receives great praise from competent critics. We clip the following from the "Oxford and Cambridge Examinations at Stonyhurst."—Examiner Evelyn Shuckburgh, Esq. M. A., reports: "I examined a class in this school called 'Syntax' which corresponded with the Middle or Lower in other Public Schools, and in which the average age of the boys is about 16. . . . There was a certain *definiteness* about all their work, the boys seeming to know what they did firmly and clearly, and to be able to state it clearly. This was especially the case in Latin syntax, owing partly to clear and patient teaching, and partly to the very able Latin Grammar (Fr. Gerard's) in use at the college."

Fr. Nilles, Professor of Canon Law at the University of Innsbruck, gives a course of lectures on the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.—Fr. Bennl, one of our missionaries in Sweden, has published, under an assumed name, the Swedish translation of the *Faith of Our Fathers.*—Fr. Thébaud has left three large manuscript volumes (over two thousand pages) entitled: *Memoirs: A Retrospect from* 1807–1882. In the first volume he writes of French affairs; in the second of Italy; in the third of the United States.—Fr. Pottgeisser has published the first volume of his sermons.

The Germans have planned and begun to carry out a work of gigantic proportions: *Monumenta Germaniæ Pædagogica.* It will show the development of education and instruction in the countries of the German tongue from the beginning of the middle ages to our own time. The work is to be carried on with entire fairness and impartiality. Many distinguished Catholic writers will contribute, among them FF. Ebner, Ehrle and Pachtler of our Society. Fr. Pachtler writes the history of Jesuit education, in about eight volumes. His first two volumes have already appeared. He travelled all over Germany and Austria in search of documents. His expenses were paid by the publisher, Rudolf Hofmann, Berlin. The following item, taken from the first volume may be found interesting: In 1750 the Society counted 22,126 members; the German assistancy, in ten provinces, stood as follows:

Germania Superior: 27 Coll. 3 domus prob. 1060 Socii,
Rhenus Superior: 16 Coll. 2 dom. prob. 497 Socii,
Rhenus Inferior: 17 Coll. 2 dom. prob. 772 Socii,
Austria: 31 Coll. 3 dom. prob. 1772 Socii,
Bohemia: 26 Coll. 3 dom. prob. 1239 Socii,
Flandria: 28 Coll. 2 dom. prob. 842 Socii,
Prov. Flandro-Gallica: 18 Coll 2 dom. prob. 471 Socii,
Polonia: 24 Coll. 2 dom. prob. 1050 Socii,
Lithuania: 20 Coll. 3 dom. prob. 1047 Socii,
Anglia: 10 Coll. 2. dom. prob. 299 Socii.

Fr. de Rochemonteix has finished his history of the *College of La Flèche.* It will shortly appear in two or three volumes.

Fr. Charles Verdière has published, in French, a *History of the University of Ingolstadt,* in two volumes. The first volume tells the history of Dr. Eck, Chancellor of the University, the great champion of the Church against the apostate monk of Wittenberg; and of our own great Canisius, the "hammer of heretics." Fr. Gretser was also Professor at Ingolstadt. Among our students Fr. Verdière mentions as the most illustrious, Maximilian of Bavaria, and Ferdinand of Austria. The former became Elector of Bavaria, the latter the great Emperor Ferdinand II.

Etudes.—The first number of the Etudes appeared in January. It opens very appropriately with an article by Fr. de Scoraille on Leo XIII. The number contains philosophical, theological, literary and historical articles, and reviews of books. The writers sign their articles.—Very Rev. Fr. General has declared that the reorganised Review of the French fathers shall be common property of the four provinces. Each lends its aid, each in equal measure shares the direction, editorship, expenses and profits of the work.

Possevino.—No recent historian has been as indefatigable and as successful in throwing light on the relations of the Slav nations to the Holy See in the

16th and 17th centuries, as Fr. Paul Pierling. His latest work: *Bathory et Possevino*, completes a series of monographs on the mission of the famous Fr. Possevino to Moscow.

The Brazilian Government is beginning to publish a series of works to illustrate the history and geography of the empire. Two books have already been issued by the government printing-office at Rio Janeiro, which are of interest to the Society: *The Letters from Brazil* by Fr. Manuel da Nobrega; and, *Notes and Historical Remains*, collected from the writings of the Ven. Joseph di Anehietà. Extracts from these interesting papers will appear in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS.— Fr. Galanti has published for the use of his scholars in the college of Itù an English grammar—*Compendio de Grammatica Ingleza*, São Paulo, 1887.

Fr. Mendive's new edition of his course of Philosophy has been introduced as text book into several Spanish seminaries and colleges.— Fr. Mauri of the Province of Veniee, is about to publish a course of Philosophy.—A work on *Ethics and Natural Law*, by Fr. Joseph Rickaby of the English Province is now in the press; also the second volume of Fr. T. A. Finlay's translation of *Stöckl's History of Philosophy*.—Fr. Costa-Rossetti has published a book: *De Spiritu Societatis*, in which he shows that the spirit of the Society is the spirit of the Exercises of St. Ignatius.

Brazil, College of Itù. — The celebration of the patronal feast of St. Aloysius was deferred until the 7th of August, on account of an epidemic of small-pox in the town and surrounding country. The college had been spared, but after the celebration, which was honored by the presence of the Bishop of Rio Janeiro, the measles and other distempers broke out among the boys, and at one time 120 of them were confined to their beds. Exaggerated reports of the mortality were spread abroad, but the scourge disappeared, and when, on Sept. 25th, we sang the *Te Deum*, only two of the students had died. The results of the examinations before the Board at S. Paulo were creditable to our candidates.—*From a letter of Fr. R. M. Galanti.*

Canada.— Fr. Férard left us some weeks ago for Sudbury to assist Fr. Caron, whilst going on with his dictionary of the Ojibeway language; we have not heard from him, but suppose he is all right. We have no longer charge of the convent, Fr. Visitor having found that to direct nuns *habitually* does not belong to our vocation. They have, therefore, a chaplain of their own, a very worthy priest, who resides with Mgr. Vinet and the other veterans in the *Résidence St. Janvier* opposite the novitiate, where Bishop Bourget spent his last years and died a holy death. We have three Tertians, FF. Lemire, Caron and Stephen Proulx; but all three left a week ago for their missionary tour. Fr. Lemire went to Lac Nominingue to give, during the lenten season, short retreats to the various small settlements that cluster around that lake, two of which are attended by our fathers (FF. Neault and Santerre); FF. Caron and Proulx went to Quebec, to help the fathers there to give retreats in various parts of the country, beginning in the city of Quebec. —Our Juniors are 16 in number, divided into two classes (1st and 2nd year); their teachers are Messrs. Fuchs and Lord; they are a jovial band and study hard. The novices (scholastics) are 20 in number; they too are not at all gloomy, as you will readily believe: a few are rather delicate, but most are the very picture of good health. Rev. Fr. Superior of the mission (Fr. Hamel) visited the house at the beginning of January, and was quite agreeably surprised on hearing the sermons of all the young folks in the refectory. There are but few coadjutor-brother noviees, 8 in all; but they are very fervent and will no doubt bring others here by their prayers. The Mission of Canada counts 70 priests; 76 scholastics; 68 coadjutor brothers; 214 members.—*Extract from a Letter from Sault-au-Récollet.*

The Canadian mission dependent on the English Province, was declared *sui juris* on the 9th of November, 1887, and dependent on our V. Rev. Fr. General. The Rev. Peter Hamel, as first superior of the independent mission, has taken up his residence at the scholasticate in St. John the Baptist's Ward, Montreal. The district surrounding the scholasticate has been canonieally erected into a parish under the patronage of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, and the care of the parish (1560 souls—330 families—and some 980 communicants) has been confided to our fathers. Besides the French sermon at 10 o'clock Mass on Sundays, there is an English sermon at 8 o'clock for an English-speaking congregation numbering about 50.

China.—The 17th of August, 1887, was a day of joy for the Young Men's Sodality at Tong-ka-dou. The young men had sent as a jubilee present to the Sovereign Pontiff, an address on yellow silk, the color, by the way, reserved exclusively for the Emperor. This address, beautifully decorated by the *Mères Auxiliatrices,* was enclosed in an ivory box covered with symbolical figures and secured by a silver lock. To show his gratitude for this manifestation of their good wishes, the Holy Father honored the sodality by sending them a Brief.—Ours have opened a school at Shang-hai for the education of the Japanese children of that city. For teachers they have secured the services of two Japanese Bonzes who are very anxious to become Christians.—*Letters of Jersey.*

The following Chinese works have been recently published, under the direction of Ours, by the Catholic press at Tou-sè-wè, and a copy of each has been forwarded among other presents to the Holy Father on the occasion of his golden jubilee.

(1) *Proofs of the Existence of God*—by Fr. Aleni (1582—1649).
(2) *The Divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ*—by the same author.
(3) *A Life of Our Lord* in 3 volumes— " " " "

(These works are republications and were first printed about 1635. They are beautifully illustrated, the last work containing no less than 146 illustrations.)

(4) *The Acts of the Apostles* (39 illustrations) translated into Chinese by Fr. Lawrence Li.
(5) *Life of the Blessed Virgin* (19 illustrations) by the same author.
(6) *The Life of the Apostles and Evangelists* (28 illustrations) a reproduction of Fr. Vagnoni's work (1566—1640).
(7) Fr. Lawrence Li's work on *The Roman Pontiff* containing a chronological list of all the Popes from St. Peter to Leo XIII (35 illustrations).—*Letters of Jersey.*

A *Series of five letters* written from China by *Fr. Colombel* forms a complete refutation of a recent work by Colonel Tcheng-ki-tong, entitled *Les Chinois peints par eux-mêmes,* published in Paris. In 1886, it had reached its tenth edition; it claims to give an impartial and unvarnished account of the manners, customs and religion of the Celestial Empire. Fr. Colombel in his refutation takes Colonel Tcheng-ki-tong to task for his exaggerations and makes it pretty clear to his readers that the Colonel has a very strong imagination and that he drew upon it pretty freely in writing his book. Perhaps the most objectionable part of the Colonel's elucubrations are the slanders uttered against the Society of the Holy Childhood. Fr. Colombel takes the arguments of his adversary one after another and shows that they must be the outcome of ignorance or ill-will or both. The author says in his book that infanticide is prohibited by the law of China. Fr. Colombel answers that opium eating is also forbidden by the same law, yet the prohibition does not prevent the consumption of more than thirteen million pounds a year. He then goes on to show from undeniable authorities and statisties the prevalence of the inhuman custom of infanticide. The Colonel next stated that there was no need of the Holy Childhood, as the poor were sufficiently provided for by the liberality of the government. It is shown pretty clearly in the letters that the public institutions under civil control do very little in the way of relieving the destitute and needy; in fact, the chief occupation of numerous bodies of officials seems to be, to draw large salaries for keeping the children of the poor out of the government establishments. With this state of things Fr. Colombel contrasts the work done by the Holy Childhood. In the mission of Kiang-nan alone, where Fr. Colombel is stationed, no less than 8,314 children were supported last year by the contributions of the Holy Childhood. He cites the case of two little girls who were saved and brought up at a Catholic asylum at Tsong-ming. Now both have given themselves to the service of God in religion and both are superiors of establishments of the Holy Infancy. Many other interesting facts could be cited.

The following statistics of the work done by Ours in the Provinces of Kiang-nan and Tche-ly are very consoling after the Colonel's slanders:—Christians 139,577; churches and chapels 1,147; confessions 474,957; baptisms 41,973; schools 839; scholars 10,502.—*Letters of Jersey.*

In the distribution at the meeting of the Central Council of the Holy Childhood on the 27th of July, 1887, out of a total of £124,803, the missions of the Society of Jesus received £20,360.—*Annals of the Holy Childhood.*

"The general condition of the mission is peaceful; for, although there are

disturbances here and there, they are only local. Our great source of solicitude at present is the overflow of the Yellow River or Ho-ang-ho. It has broken through its banks above Kai-fong-fou, in the Ho-nan Province, and, as I write, its waters have reached our Province of Kiang-nan. As the country is very level, the water meets with no barrier until it comes to the low ridge of hills that form the water-shed between the Yellow River and the Blue River or Yangtse-ki-ang. Many of our fathers are exposed, perhaps, to extreme danger on the plains which are now threatened with overflow. Up to this time we have received no tidings from them, whilst the waters of the Yellow River and of its tributaries are increasing in volume day by day. Our little scholasticate is in the best condition that could be expected, and God graciously confers upon us the blessing of good health. The bishop alone has been grievously ill, and finally, after two months of sickness, he was advised by his physician to try the benefit of a journey to Japan. He was accompanied by one of Ours (Fr. Heude). We expect that His Lordship will soon return, and we also look forward to the arrival from France of two fathers and a scholastic.

I have just read in a letter written from Madura, by Fr. De Beaurepaire, a piece of news, which, if true, is of grave import to the Society. The Holy Father wished to confer episcopal consecration upon seventeen members of the Society, and it was only after much persuasion that V. Rev. Fr. General induced him to reduce the number to six. The Pope said that of all the missions ours are the most flourishing. "Your Holiness," rejoined Fr. General, "for this very reason we supplicate you to spare us from the burden of these sees, and to leave us our experienced missionaries. If these fathers are removed, and consecrated bishops, our missions must sink to the level of the others." This reasoning seems to have carried conviction. The tidings received from the different missions with which I am in correspondence are most favorable. The Master of the Vineyard blesses the labor of our fathers and grants them fruit, now more, now less, but ever abundant. — I am told that in Mindanao (Philippine Islands) 17,000 Pagans are willing to become Christians and to live in reductions. The conversions among the Koles and the other inhabitants of Bengal are very numerous. In Madura, many of the Protestant natives are abandoning their ministers. Nearly all our former Madagascar posts have been re-opened, and new ones set on foot."—*Extracts from letter of Fr. Pfister.*

Zi-ka-wei.— Last November our college was visited by Hon. Carter Harrison, ex-mayor of Chicago, his son, and Mr. Amberg, a student of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago. They were introduced by Gen. Kennedy, American Consul at Shang-hai.—*Fr. Pfister's correspondence.*

Denver.—The walls of the new college in Denver are almost completed. The site, it is said, is one of the most beautiful in Colorado, affording a fine view of Denver, and in the distance the most prominent peaks of the Rocky Mountains can be seen. Flower gardens and walks are being laid out and 600 young trees will be planted in the spring. The gentleman who presented the land on which the college is being erected, has already received from the Lord a temporal mark of favor. The original cost of his land was $200,000, and after having given 30 acres of it for the college, he sold the remainder for $335,000.—In Las Vegas a public meeting was recently held to protest against the departure of Ours.—A band of missionaries will soon be formed to give missions in the Spanish-speaking districts of New Mexico and Colorado.

Detroit.—The pupils of Detroit College give regular specimens of class work, to which the friends and patrons of the college are invited. The following report of School Visitors will speak for itself:

Hon. Theodore Nelson, Superintendent Public Instruction: SIR—Your committee appointed to visit Detroit College, have endeavored to perform the duty assigned, and would make the following report:

After a most cordial reception by the President, Father Frieden, they were shown through the various departments where students were busy with closing examinations.

While in every direction thorough and conscientious work is being done, your committee noticed some things which, in their opinion, deserve special mention.

They found the discipline of the college somewhat different from that of other institutions. While everything was done in the most informal manner,

yet, in all classes, there was close individual attention combined with prompt and cheerful obedience and polite address. This your committee desire especially to commend.

They would also make special mention of the work done in History, Literature and the Classics. Students are doing something more than "surface" work in these studies.

Your committee would speak in particular of the careful attention given to public speaking. Those who have this work in charge are doing it in a very able and thorough manner.

They found, too, that much attention is being given to moral and religious instruction, and that students in the college are being most thoroughly taught in the principles and doctrines of the Catholic faith.

In conclusion they will say that they believe the college to be growing in popularity and usefulness, and it is hoped that its friends and patrons will see that it receives the financial support which is so much needed and deserved for the erection of more suitable buildings, and for the fuller equipment of its various departments.

Respectfully, EDWARD DUFFY, E. C. THOMPSON, *Committee.*

Ecuador.—Owing to the fewness of laborers, Ours are losing ground in Ecuador. One by one, we have been giving up our missions and houses to other Orders, so that now, we have only our church and college at Quito, a residence at Guyaquil and the Marañon Mission.— The signs from Colombia are much more consoling. On the feast of St. Aloysius all the State Officials visited our fathers; President Nuñez was unable to be present on account of ill-health, but he sent an apology to the fathers. The archbishop has given us a farm about three miles from Bogota for a novitiate, which already has ten inmates, four of whom are priests. Indeed the vocations to the Society in Colombia are quite numerous.—*Letters of Jersey.*

Georgetown, D. C.—Mr. J. Fairfax McLaughlin has lately written two very interesting articles in connection with Georgetown College, one in the *United States Historical Magazine* for October, 1887, on "Father George Fenwick, S. J.," and the other on the "Beginnings of Georgetown College," in the *Catholic World* for February, 1888.—Mr. Philip Simms, who died recently in New Orleans, left in his will a bequest of $5,000 to Georgetown College. Mr. Simms was not a student here. He was born in Charles County, Maryland, but lived most of his life in New Orleans as a merchant.—On February 2nd the faculty revived the old custom of daily Mass for all the students. Some ten years ago the custom which had prevailed from the earliest times was abolished and attendance at daily Mass made optional. The change has necessitated other changes, so that now the hour of rising, in winter, is 6.30, and the early morning studies have been abolished. — The Sodalities of the Senior and Junior Divisions are contemplating the erection of two new statues in the college yard. The members of the latter have already collected a handsome sum of money, and propose to build a grotto of Lourdes on the mound facing St. Joseph's statue in the Infirmary garden. The statue of Our Lady of Lourdes has been ordered, and the dedication of both grotto and statue will take place some time in May. It is said that the Senior Sodality will erect a heroic-size statue of Our Lady in the College quadrangle next year to commemorate the centennial of the college. — At a joint meeting of the two debating societies, presided over by Father Welch, S. J., a motion was adopted to hand over the societies' library to Rev. Father Rector in trust. The purpose of the motion was to secure a more careful supervision of the books. The reading-room has been separated from the library, so that the library itself will hereafter be free only to the librarian.—*College Journal.*

Trinity church, outside the college walls, after having been closed for several months while the edifice was being completely remodelled, was reopened on Sunday, Feb. 26th. Father Doonan, President of the college, preached at the solemn High Mass.

India.—The Provincial of Toulouse is visiting the Madura Mission, which belongs to that province. He will also visit Madagascar.

Last year the 841 Anglican missionaries in India converted 297 persons out of a population of 220,000,000. To obtain this result, they spent £48,296.—*Fr. Pfister's correspondence.*

Bengal.—The Belgian Mission of Bengal has of late been severely tried by the loss or ill-health of a number of the missionaries, on account of the prevalence of the terrible jungle fever. Still our Lord, in order to recompense them for their sufferings, has inspired many of the natives to seek admission into the Church. Indeed so great and extensive is this movement towards the faith, that our fathers cannot attend to the demands made upon them. A new college is to be opened at Darjeeling with Rev. Fr. Depelchin as Rector. The college and a number of young and strong laborers sent lately from Belgium will, it is hoped, enable the fathers to gather a plentiful harvest.—*Letters of Jersey*

Bombay.—On the Sunday after the feast of the Sacred Heart, Archbishop Porter solemnly consecrated the archdiocese to the Sacred Heart. All the clergy who could possibly attend were present and the ceremony was very imposing.—The archbishop is laboring hard in his new field of labor; he preaches on every occasion and has already given a mission to his people.—*Letters of Jersey.*

Madagascar.—Our fathers in Madagascar and in the island of Mauritius are frequently brought into contact with victims of sorcery of undoubted reality. The devil manifested his presence most frequently by causing violent pains of the head, neck and stomach, loss of reason, and noises of every kind. Not being allowed without permission of the bishop to make use of solemn exorcisms, the fathers have recourse to holy water and the sign of the cross. By these simple means Fr. Malzac succeeded in relieving numberless victims in his various missions. Protestants, too, experience the salutary effects of these means. Not only the missionaries, but seculars also, are instrumental in putting the devil to flight.—*Ucles Letters.*

Madura.—The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Canoz, S. J. Bishop of Trichinopoly (formerly the Mission of Madura) communicates, in substance, the following: The Catholics of this city number 15,000. Out of the 60,000 pagans and 30,000 Mohammedans, the most difficult to convert are the Brahmins. To facilitate the conversion of this caste, our college has been transferred from Negapatam to Trichinopoly. Direct attempts to Christianise them are, of course, not feasible, but we are preparing the way for it by calling attention to the beauties of Christianity when occasion offers in the exposition of classic literature. The crucifix, a statue of the Blessed Virgin or a picture of the Sacred Heart, provoke questions as to their meaning, and, in this way, serve a good purpose. —The transfer of our college necessitated the erection of a large building, completed during the past year, to accommodate our pupils. We could not do without the college. The natives seek for admission, as education opens the way for them to desirable government offices. The effect of education is to destroy belief in ridiculous pagan doctrines and to generate a desire to find a creed more conformable to reason.—The sisters who aid us in this mission belong to the congregations of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors, and of St. Anne. The former devote themselves to the education of Hindoo girls; the latter consists exclusively of widows of the upper castes. The women, according to Hindoo custom, are not permitted to remarry. Of the twenty native sisters of the first-named congregation, in 1871, none had submitted to the State examinations. Out of the present fifty-four, nearly all are engaged in teaching. They possess a small boarding-school and a large public institution. The official inspectors consider their instruction as superior to that of all others, even though the Protestants, at great cost, imported teachers for their normal school from England. The success of the examinations at the sisters' school was so great during this year that the government granted them a subsidy of $850.00. The increasing membership in the sisterhoods was the occasion for erecting convents and schools in Negapatam, Madura, Palamcottah and in Tuticorin on the fishery coast. Everywhere the government bestowed praise and substantial aid.—The Sisters of St. Anne are of later date, but already quite numerous. At Trichinopoly they possess an orphanage of a hundred and twenty children, and in Adeikalaburam ten members control a similar institution. Under their direction two societies are established: 1. the "baptisants," widows whose office it is to baptise the dying children of pagans; 2. widows of the upper caste. Indian girls marry at an early age, and it is quite common to meet with widows at fifteen or twenty. It is evident to what dangers these women, a second marriage being prohibited, are exposed. Making cloth and pounding rice, enables them to support themselves. Thirty-five sisters and twenty-five coadjutor sisters, compose at present the Congregation of St. Anne.

The following figures will give some idea of the progress of our mission during the past six years:

	1881	1886
Catholics	154860	166457
Confessions	212544	310423
Communions	213671	295877
Conversions of Pagans or Protestants	779	1460
Baptisms of Christian children	5789	5414
Baptisms of Pagan children in danger of death	1966	7150

—*Katholische Missionen.*

Mangalore.—The following statistics, relating to the labors of Ours at Mangalore, will be interesting to readers of the Letters: There are in the mission 1 bishop; 24 priests S. J.; 12 scholastics; 6 brothers; 64,456 Christians; 2 colleges and 342 pupils; 35 schools; 2,295 scholars; confessions last year, 90,868; Communions, 112,368; baptisms, 1,899.

Ireland.—Fr. Timothy Kenny succeeds Fr. T. P. Brown as Provincial. Fr. Kenny was rector of the college and residence in Galway since June, 1882. —The new novitiate opened by Fr. Sturzo at Kew, near Melbourne, in Australia, now counts ten scholastic and two lay-brother novices. These, with the twenty-one scholastic and two lay-brother novices at Dromore, in Ireland, form the most numerous novitiate that the Irish province has had for many years.—We have received the Christmas number of the school journal edited twice a year by the students of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, Sydney. It is an octavo of 46 pages, and its name, "Our Alma Mater." Though this college is the youngest in Australia, founded in 1880, it already has many representatives at the University; indeed, two-thirds of the University students attending St. John's College are Riverview boys. The frontispiece of the journal is a cut of the *new college* (in course of erection); it resembles the State, War and Navy department building in Washington, and will accommodate 400 students. Our college papers would not regret exchanging with *Our Alma Mater.*

Jersey City, N. J.—St. Peter's College, on entering on its 2nd term, received five new boys, making a total, in its catalogue of students, since the beginning of the year, of 107. The standard of the semi-annual examinations was raised this year. This improved standard received effectual sanction by obliging three of the students, who, having failed, were unwilling to go to a lower class, to leave the college. Several others were put into lower classes, for not having reached the requisite number of marks. The effect upon the other boys was most salutary; calling forth some of the latent energy of the more phlegmatic. Three scholarships which have been made vacant in the course of the term, will be competed for at the opening of the next scholastic year.—The elaborate decorations of St. Peter's Church are gradually reaching completion. The latest addition to the interior is a magnificent reredos, 40 feet high. Next month a large organ for the boys' choir, which will then sing its first Mass, will be put up near the Blessed Virgin's altar. The chancel choir, composed of nearly sixty voices, is now under constant training, and will be fully prepared for its work this spring. A set of purple cassocks and handsome surplices has already been made for the choir boys.

Ledochowski.—Fr. Sigismund de Ledochowski, nephew of the Cardinal, has entered the Austrian novitiate. The Cardinal wrote him a very touching letter, expressing very great joy at seeing his nephew a member of the Society.

Mariana.—Talavera is the birthplace of the famous Fr. Mariana. A statue has just been erected in his honor. But you must not imagine that it was done out of love for our Society—far from it. The leading men of the town say that they wish to honor the great writer, but that they declare war to the knife against Jesuitism. In the year 1767 our fathers had a college here. The house and church are now part of a lumber-yard. Without suspecting it, they have placed the statue of Fr. Mariana in front of the old Jesuit college,—*Letter from Talavera.*

Malagrida.—A life of the martyred Fr. Gabriel Malagrida is in press in Italy. A monument to his memory has lately been erected in the church of Menagio, near Lake Como, his birthplace. The inscription on his monument, which we reproduce, is from the pen of Fr. Angelini.

GABRIEL MALAGRIDA

E · SOCIETATE · IESV
DOMO · MINICIO · AD · LARIVM
AB · IMMERITO · ROGI · SVPPLICIO · CLARIOR
ANNOS · XXX · IN · MARANIONIS · INCOLIS
A · FERO · AD · CIVILEM · CVLTVM
A · TENEBRIS · AD · EVANGELII · LVCEM · TRADVCENDIS
INTER · VITAE · DISCRIMINA · EXEGIT
ANNOS · X · OLISIPONEM · CONCIONIBVS · AD · PIETATEM · EXCOLVIT
IMPROBORUM · ODIIS · QVAE · AD · INTERNECIONEM · EXARSERANT
PVLSVS · IN · EXILIVM · CARCERIS · SQVALORE · TRIENNIVM · MVLCTATVS
FLAMMIS · POPVLO · INSPECTANTE · ABSVMPTVS · EST
CINERIBVS · SPARSIS · IN · MARE
XI · KAL · OCTOBRES · A · MDCCLXI · A · N · LXXII
CLEMENS · XIII · IMMANE · FACINVS · GRAVI · ORATIONE · IMPROBANS
POENAS · E · PIO · ET · INTEGERRIMO · VIRO · SVMPTAS · INDOLVIT
EVMQVE · QVI · MARTYRVM · ORDINIBVS · ADSCRIBATVR · DIGNVM · CENSVIT
CHERVBINVS · PIZZALA · ARCHIPRESBYTER · MINICII
NE · VIRTVTI · A · CALVMNIIS · VINDICATAE · HONOR
IN · PATRIA · DEESSET
MONVMENTVM · POSVIT
AN · MDCCCLXXXVII

ANTONIVS ANGELINIVS, e Societate Jesu.

In the church of Menagio (Minicium) birthplace of Fr. Malagrida near Lake Como (Larium).

Mexico.—Our college at Puebla was never in a more prosperous condition than now; there are over 300 pupils. Lately, the 15th centenary of the conversion of St. Augustine was celebrated at Puebla with extraordinary solemnity. At the literary entertainment given by the *Seminarium Palafoxianum*, Fr. Zarranz, our Professor of Rhetoric, was invited to give a Latin oration. *El Nacional* of Mexico recently printed the following: "We call the attention of our readers to the magnificent work of Fr. Cappelletti S. J., Director of the observatory at Puebla. He has proved the impossibility of the earthquake that was predicted for the 8th of Sept. by D. Nicolas Zuñiga y Miranda. Fr. Cappelletti holds a high place among scientists, and we believe it is no slight praise to say of him, that Fr. Secchi cites him as a reliable authority in scientific researches."

The Province of Mexico now numbers 43 priests; 46 scholastics; 17 coadjutor brothers. Total 106.—*Letters of Jersey.*

Milwaukee, Wis.—The new St. Gall's Church will be a very imposing structure. It will have a frontage of 80 feet on State street, and a total length of 225 feet on Eleventh street, presenting the shape of a cross in its ground dimensions, with the transept well toward the rear. The transept will be 140 feet across. The State street front will be flanked by two towers, the main one will be next to the street corner, and will have an extreme elevation of 200 feet from the ground to the top of the cross. The tower proper will be 140 feet high. It will be square, contain a belfry and a clock, and support

an octagonal spire 60 feet high. The sister tower will be 162 feet high, of which 39 feet will be taken up by the steeple. Between the two towers will be the main entrance, 36 feet wide, and formed by three double doors, with massive iron hinges covering each door above and below. Above the entrance will be placed a large Catharine-wheel window, throwing its many colored light upon two rear galleries inside. The gable will have a smaller rose window, and be otherwise ornamented.

The interior of the church will be 60 feet high to the centre of the arched nave, which will be 30 feet wide, and have two aisles on either side twenty-two feet wide. The aisles will be 28 feet high from the floor to the centre of their arched ceilings, and they will be divided off from the nave by two rows of granite columns, six in a row, two of the columns being placed in the wall beside the entrance leading from the vestibule. The roof of the transept will be supported by six detached clustered granite columns, and two sunk in the corner at the nave. Each of these clustered columns will comprise four single columns having a diameter of twenty-four inches, except those at the corners of the nave, which will comprise only two. There will be four single columns in the vestibule finally. The pews will be divided by five aisles in the nave, and by seven in the transept, and the pulpit will be placed at one of the sanctuary corners, so as to enable all the congregation to see the preacher.

The church will not be marred by side galleries. In the front, over the main entrance, will be placed a balcony capable of seating 300 people, and above that will be put another for the organ and choir, projecting not quite so far into the body of the church. The nave will have a row of triple windows above the aisle roofs on either side, and the aisles will have larger ones below. The triple windows of the transept will be very fine; they will be 22 feet wide and nearly cover the two sides. The church will have two side entrances well toward the front, and also two on either side of the transept, fronting south. The latter will have stairways leading to the chapel under the church. The chapel will have exactly the same dimensions as the church above it, with the same number of columns, and the same arrangement of pews. It will have a uniform height of 14 feet, but as the floor of the church is ten feet above the grade of the street, it will be practically above ground. A few steps will lead down to it from the side and transept entrances, and from the main tower. Both towers will contain steps leading to the galleries. The main entrance of the church will be approached by a dozen or more steps from State street.

The sanctuary will be north of the transept, in the form of a half octagon, with the sacristy for the priests adjoining it on either side, and a walk connecting the rooms of the latter around the altar wall. There will be a private entrance to the rooms, and another from them to the sanctuary. The sanctuary will have a width of 36 feet, and an extreme depth of 41 feet. The church will be heated by steam, and will remain plain in its interior aspect until the fathers can afford to have it properly frescoed.—*Milwaukee paper.*

We have received a programme of the Marquette College winter course of lectures. On Feb. 6th, Fr. Bosche lectured on "Self-Culture;" Feb. 20th, Fr. Lambert, on "Genesis and Geology;" Feb. 27th, Fr. Kinsella, on "An American Classic;" March 5th, Mr. Corcoran, on "The Real and the Ideal;" March 12th, Fr. Fitzgerald, on "Jesuitism;" March 19th, Fr. Lambert, on "Acoustic Waves."

Missionary Labors.—Fr. Himmel, whose letter in our last number afforded so much pleasure to our readers, has kindly forwarded the following summary of the work of our missionaries since last summer:—

Aug. 27th–Sept. 11th. St. Raymond's, Westchester.— Frs. McCarthy and Giraud. At the close of the mission, Fr. McCarthy gave a few days' exercises at Island City, a mission attached to St. Raymond's. 1,150 confessions were heard. Frs. Langcake and McDonald went to Milford, Mass., where, during a two weeks' mission, 1,100 confessions were heard.

Aug. 27th–Sept. 4th. Fr. MacDonald was at St. Augustine, Pa., and Fr. Himmel at Chest Springs, a mission attached to St. Augustine. 1,117 confessions were heard and three converts left under instruction.

Sept. 4th–11th. Fr. MacDonald was at Blairsville; confessions, 503; Fr. Himmel at Wilmore, Pa., confessions, 450, two converts left under instruction.

Sept. 18th–Oct. 2nd. Frs. McCarthy, McDonald and Himmel were at Lan-

caster, Pa., at St. Mary's Church, founded by Ours half a century ago. 1,021 confessions were heard, 7 prepared for first Communion, 45 for confirmation, and 6 converts. During the same two weeks Frs. Langcake, MacDonald and Giraud were at St. Mary's, Elizabeth; 2,007 confessions, 4 converts, 12 prepared for first Communion, and 27 for confirmation.

Oct. 9th–13th. Frs. McCarthy, MacDonald, McDonald and Himmel were at St. Mary's, Hoboken, N. J.; 4,200 confessions were heard, 38 prepared for first Communion and 72 for confirmation. Frs. Langcake and Giraud were at Southbridge, Mass., where they heard 1,100 confessions and baptised two converts.

Oct. 30th–Nov. 27th. The whole band was at St. James', N. Y. There was one week each for the married and the unmarried men and the same for the women. During the month 7,800 confessions were heard, 30 prepared for first Communion and 75 for confirmation. During the last week of this mission Fr. Langcake was in Boston giving a mission for one week to the Young Men's Sodality, numbering 1,500, of our church, St. Mary's. (This mission was a great success; 1,600 young men attended; 1,100 received Communion and 315 names were enrolled for admission to the Young Men's Sodality.—*Letter from Fr. Duncan*).

Dec. 4th–18th. Frs. McCarthy, Langcake, Denny and Himmel were at St. Mary's, Pittsburg; 3,700 confessions were heard, 3 converts baptised, 21 prepared for confirmation, 15 for first Communion. After the mission, Fr. Denny gave a lecture on "Church Music."

Dec. 4th–15th. Fr. MacDonald was at St. Monica's, Baltimore (by special request); 528 confessions were heard, 10 prepared for first Communion, 9 converts.

The new year was commenced by Fr. McCarthy giving a retreat to the young men of Fr. Franzioli's church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Fr. MacDonald gave the closing exercises.—Fr. M. J. Byrnes is permanently attached to the band.

Fr. F. Ryan began a retreat at our church in Chicago on Feb. 19th; nearly 1,400 married men attended.

Naples.— The Province of Naples seems to be now better organised than ever since its dispersion in 1860. At present it has four colleges; two in Naples accommodating 500 students, of whom one-fifth are boarders, at La Conocchia; and one at Vico, diocese of Sorento, about 10 miles from Naples, agreeably situated on a large rock overlooking the sea, with nearly 200 students, of whom over one-third are boarders. We do not know the number of pupils of the fourth college, that of Lecce, but it is increasing so that already ground has been bought just outside of the city to erect a better building for the boys. Unfortunately, for want of teachers, in three of these colleges some seculars are employed.

The novitiate in Naples, though by far less numerous than we could desire, is flourishing; the community reaching the number of sixty. Its legal name before the public is the St. Francis Xavier Seminary for Foreign Missions. It has several times been threatened, and, had it not been for the Cardinal under whose protection it is, very likely would have been closed. In the novitiate they have started a museum of antiquities under the name of the *Garrucci Museum*.

Besides these houses there are seven small residences, five in Naples, and two outside of the city, in Bari and Marigliano, the latter being, by far, the largest. Other houses have been offered to the province but were refused for want of available subjects. Several fathers are employed as professors or directors in Episcopal Seminaries, and a very few old or sick fathers are as yet dispersed outside of regular houses, their age averaging about 67 years.

Over seventy members of the province are in New Mexico, about eighty-five more are working or studying in other provinces; among the latter must be counted twenty, who are on foreign missions, such as China, Syria and India. The total number of the members of the province last year was 328.

New Orleans.—Our three saints lately canonised were closely associated with America; St. Alphonsus sent St. Peter Claver; the latter lived and labored and died on American soil; and St. John Berchmans wrought in America one of the miracles used in his canonisation. The thanks of the Society are due to the New Orleans Mission, for the zeal and energy there manifested in gathering together all the facts and details connected with the miraculous cure wrought through the intercession of St. John Berchmans

over twenty years ago. The canonical investigation was begun at the wish of the Holy Father himself, and the labor of love was brought to a successful termination after more than three months of hard work.

On the 20th of September 1866, Miss Mary Wilson arrived at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Grand Coteau. Driven from her home in London, Canada, by her parents who were Protestants, and who were incensed on account of her conversion, she sought a refuge as a postulant for admission among the friends of the Sacred Heart. After a month of preparation and on the eve of her reception among the novices, she was suddenly seized with a most violent sickness. Day by day her condition grew worse and worse, until finally there was no hope of recovery by natural means. The condition of the patient, on the 14th of December, the last day of the novena which had been begun in honor of St. John Berchmans, was most pitiable. For forty days she had not taken an ounce of food; she took only a little tea or coffee and, the last eight days, she was not able even to take this. She was expected to die at any moment. Her limbs were cold and contracted, her mouth and tongue were raw and covered with clots of black blood; with the greatest difficulty the Holy Viaticum was administered by giving her a small piece of an ordinary host. All the sisters then retired to hear Mass except the infirmarian who, seeing the patient calm, left her for a moment to attend the sick in the adjoining room. In less than one hour after the reception of the Viaticum the patient was entirely cured, restored to health, as she said, by St. John Berchmans who appeared to her. Every symptom of the disease had passed away and the next day she was going through the ordinary duties of community-life and she would have done so on the day of her cure but the Mother Superior thought it more prudent to make her stay abed. The two doctors who attended her attributed her cure to supernatural agency, for, they said, she was beyond the reach of natural remedies. The entire community and many visitors who had seen and known the patient attested to the truth of the cure, so that its authenticity is beyond the shadow of a doubt.—This was one of the two miracles that stood the severe test of the Roman tribunals, and is mentioned in the decree of canonisation.—*Letters of Jersey.*

New York, St. Francis Xavier's. — The college roll passed the line 400 before the beginning of the examinations. Fourteen new students have been received since Christmas. It is expected that by the opening of the second term, January 28th, this last contingent will be tripled. The students who visit the Blessed Sacrament before class of their own accord, form a large proportion of the college. The philosophy class has voluntarily petitioned to perform the devotions of the second degree of the League of the Sacred Heart before class hours.—*Xavier for February.*

Later.—The number of students has reached 430 (30 since Christmas). A mission is going on in the church; upper and lower church filled every evening; Fr. Kenny of Montreal gives the 9 o'clock sermon, Fr. Jeremiah O'Connor the evening one; Fr. Noonan is the third missionary. The crowd was so great that Fr. Rector and Fr. McKinnon have taken charge of the lower church.—*Letter from Fr. O'Conor.*

Philippine Islands.—Rev. Fr. Ricart, Superior of the missions of the Philippine Islands went to Rome for the jubilee and the canonisations. He carried with him a gift of $50,000 for the Holy Father, a round table carved with exquisite skill and taste worth $3,000, and a gold pen worth $300. Joined to the gold pen was the following distich:

Hunc pulchrum teneas calamum Berchmansque Joannem
Sanctorum fastis scribito, magne Leo.

The gold pen was adorned with diamonds and was the gift of the members of the sodalities of the *Ateneo Municipal* and the *Escuela Normal* at Manilla. It was hoped that the Holy Father would use this pen to sign the bull of canonisation of St. John Berchmans. In the centre are the arms of the Holy Father set in brilliants; and above, the book of rules, the beads and the crucifix, also adorned with diamonds.

Br. Polizzi.—One of our Tertian fathers writes from Rome regarding the novice Polizzi:—The time for taking his vows was drawing near. The Rev. Fr. Provincial gave him to understand that, so long as no end was put to those strange things, there could be no question of vows. Frater Polizzi replied

that he would pray that the stigmata might disappear, which, accordingly, has happened.

Province of Paris. — Last summer the Provincial of Paris decided to transfer the Tertians from Slough (near London), where they were, together with the novitiate, to the old scholasticate of Laval. Accordingly, in the early part of October, they met at the old *Maison St. Michel*, with Rev. Fr. René de Maumigny as Rector and Instructor. All the exercises of the tertianship began, and it was thought that the new residence would be very convenient for the Tertians, especially during the lenten missions, which they must give in France. But at the beginning of September the tertianship was suddenly brought back to Slough. The reason of the sudden change was the following. Mr. Spuller, a member of the last cabinet of ex-President Grévy, having heard that our fathers were living in a pretty large number in the *Maison St. Michel*, sent for Mgr. Bouvier of the seminary of Laval, complained of the fact, and threatened that, on account of our fathers, the Chamber might suppress the bishopric of Laval, which, according to him, was only tolerated, not being one of those established by the *Concordat*. After the visit, Mgr. Bouvier saw our Fr. Provincial, who took at once the necessary measures for again reuniting the tertianship to the novitiate at Slough.

The wonders wrought through the intercession of our Martyrs of the Commune, the number of *ex voto* offerings which are constantly sent in, and the numerous letters of thanksgiving which come to the Rue de Sèvres, give every hope that the Society will be soon rejoiced by having these martyrs raised to the altar. It would be too long to give details with regard to the number of cures which have been wrought through their intercession; a few examples must suffice. On the first of April last, a lady from Amiens, despairing of the life of her two-year-old child, who was stricken with a severe attack of pleurisy, began a novena in honor of Fr. Olivaint and promised an *ex voto* offering if the little one were spared to her. From the moment the novena began the disease ceased to make progress, and when the ninth day had come, the child was convalescent and has been improving ever since. Many other cures could be related but let this one serve as a sample of what is of very frequent occurrence. The following inscriptions on cards sent to the Rue de Sèvres may give some idea of the power of our martyrs with God: "To the five fathers, martyrs, my most grateful thanks for an unexpected recovery. 1886 — R." "In thanksgiving for my cure—April, 1887. P. R., former pupil of Fr. Olivaint, Paris—Close of Sept. 1887."—*Letters of Jersey.*

The small number of men who attended the conferences and sermons given by Ours in the different churches in Paris, and the difficulties experienced in trying to arouse their interest in matters of religion, have caused Ours to give up the conferences and to confine themselves to missions; still, even in their missions they differ from us, indeed their whole plan of campaign seems to be a new departure. They begin their mission by devoting a week or so to the women and children; announcing at the same time that when their work with the female portion is finished, they will devote themselves to the men. They treat of such themes as socialism, relation of science to religion, etc. The method of conducting these instructions varies. Some nights the preacher alone exposes the doctrine, other evenings one or two of the missionaries object to him aloud in the church; the audience is invited to present objections in writing, and these are answered the next evening from the pulpit. This discussion has been the means of drawing to the church as many as 2,000 men at one mission; men, too, who had not entered the house of God for years. Mgr. Ricard, Archbishop of Paris attended one of these discussions and expressed publicly his pleasure and satisfaction. When these preliminary questions have been sufficiently developed, and the audience is ready for the word of God, then the preachers speak of sin, death and the subjects of the Exercises. As the fathers have shown themselves competent to deal with the questions of the day, the audience is willing to hear them on subjects more directly connected with their holy calling and more salutary to the listeners. The fruits of these missions, the thousands of men who have approached the Holy Table after the exercises, the expressions of gratitude and letters of thanks received daily by the fathers,—all these prove that this new departure has the blessing of God upon it.—*Letters of Jersey.*

St. Louis University. — The post-graduate course of lectures began on Feb. 29th, lecturer, Fr. J. N. Poland, on "Glimpses of Every-day Life in Ancient Rome;" the second is marked for March 5th, Fr. Charropin, on "The Chemistry of Photography" (with experiments and stereopticon views); the third, March 12th, Fr. H. Moeller, on "Social Abuses and Social Reforms;" the fourth by Fr. James J. Conway on "Leo XIII. and the Modern Powers." All tickets are complimentary.

U. S. Senate.—Passage of the Blair Educational Bill—Mr. Blair's Attack on the Jesuits—The debate was closed by Mr. Blair in a final argument in advocacy of the bill. He spoke of the opposition made to the bill by the New York Evening Post, the Washington Post, and "other organs of Jesuitry." The opposition to the bill was a fight against the common schools of the country—an attempt to subvert that great system. Soon after the bill passed last Congress, and while it was still struggling in the hands of a packed committee in the House of Representatives (where it was finally strangled), a Senator had shown to him (and he had read) the original letter of a Jesuit priest begging a member of Congress to oppose the bill and to kill it. The writer said that there was an organisation all over the country for the destruction of the bill, and that they would destroy it inevitably, and also that, if they had known of it in season, they could have prevented its passage through the Senate. They had begun in season this time, but they would not destroy it. Twelve years ago, when he was a member of the House of Representatives, and while there was a proposition pending to amend the constitution so as to prevent the appropriation of public money to the support of sectarian schools in the country, a friend of his pointed out to him nine Jesuits on the floor of the House log-rolling against the proposition—nine at one time. *These were not (he thanked God) the Catholic Church.* Within the sound of his voice were sleeping the remains of John Carroll and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, men who had been devoted to civil rights and to true religion, and against the memory of those men, or against the great Catholic organisation of the country, he would say nothing, for he venerated their memory, and he venerated that great organisation, which, in his belief, was the *true exemplar of Christianity.* He cared not how far it extended or how widely its power was spread, but within that organisation was a Jesuit organisation which had set out to control this country, which had been repudiated by every country in the old world, Catholic or Protestant, but which had come to America and was now trying to secure control of this continent by destroying the public-school system. The Jesuits had been expelled from the countries of the old world, and the time would come when they would be looked upon as enemies of this country, and when the question of their expulsion would have to be considered.

All through the North (God only knew under what influence) the newspapers had opposed the bill, and had argued that such aid to common schools was no longer needed; but he had, for three or four days, read of demonstrations from every State in the South showing that it was still a necessity, and as much so as ever. In this connection he named the Boston Herald and Advertiser, Chicago Tribune and the New York Sun and Times. Why (he asked) was this? It was because *there was on the staff of every great newspaper in the country to-day a Jesuit* whose business it was to see that a blow was struck, whenever there was an opportunity to strike it, at the common-school system of America, and the further investigation was carried in that direction, the more patent would the fact appear. There was another power (he said) arrayed against the bill—the power of the liquor interest, as represented by its Washington organ, the Sentinel. The time was not far distant when the people of the North would understand all the jugglery. The American people would have truth from that gallery (pointing to the reporters' gallery) or, said he, "they will clear that gallery on which I now gaze." The bill might be defeated, by direction or by indirection, but its principles would prevail. He closed with a contemptuous allusion, to the "educated, cultivated, cold-blooded college professors of the North."—*Extract from the Baltimore Sun, Feb. 16th.*

Mr. Blair Taken to Task.—The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, a staunch *republican* paper, thus takes Senator Blair of New Hampshire to task for his attitude on the Jesuits: "Mr. Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire, in the course of his service in the United States Senate has said many absurd things. Mr. Blair is one of those very good men whose large stock of goodness is altogether out of proportion to their slender supply of brain. The result is that like such persons he is always in grave danger of making an ass of himself.

It was in this character that Mr. Blair appeared Wednesday when he addressed the Senate on the educational bill, which is one of several cranky and preposterous notions with which his brain is afflicted. He informed his fellow-senators that one of the principal causes of opposition to the bill was the fact that in almost every editorial room in the United States there was a Jesuit or an enemy of the public-school system who systematically wrote down the cause of public education. It is only necessary to reproduce this remark in order to show its silliness. The State of New Hampshire does no credit to its own intelligence when it allows itself to be represented in the Senate by a man who is capable of making so preposterous an observation." — *Extract from the Baltimore Sun, Feb. 18th.*

The bill to provide for the compulsory education of Indian children was taken from the calendar, and Mr. Vest spoke against the bill to attempt to educate Indian children at day-schools, from which they returned to spend the remainder of the day in their *teepees*. He took advantage, as he said, of the absence of Mr. Blair to state that the best Indian schools on the continent were conducted by Jesuits. — *U. S. Senate proceedings of Feb.* 29th. — *Baltimore Sun.* (1)

Washington, D. C., Gonzaga College.—The following course of lectures, delivered in Gonzaga hall has just been completed: Jan. 9th,—"Ireland, as it is" (Illustrated), by Fr. McGurk; Jan. 16th,—"Glaciers and the Glacial Period" (Illustrated), by Mr. Edward Corbett; Jan. 23rd,—"Latest Fashions in Literature," by Fr. F. Ryan; Jan. 30th,—"Evangeline" (Illustrated), by Fr. C. C. Jones; Feb. 6th,—"The Cross in the Far North" (Illustrated), by Mr. E. Spillane; Feb. 13th,—"Savonarola," by Fr. P. Finlay; Feb. 20th,—"The Irish Singer of '48," by Mr. C. J. Clifford.

Zambesi Mission. — The Zambesi mission as at first established, nine years ago, comprised the country between the tenth parallel of south latitude on the North, the Portuguese settlements on the East, the Tropic of Capricorn and the Crocodile River on the South, and the twenty-second meridian on the West, while recently it has been extended to the Portuguese settlements. From the starting of the first band of missionaries from Grahamstown, April 16th, 1879, until the erection of the scholasticate of Dunbrody, on the Sunday River, March 15th, 1884, the various missions, for want of a solid base of supplies, could hardly have been otherwise than heroic but irregular efforts. From the latter date, however, they have been conducted with the most promising order and foresight. The house at Dunbrody contains some forty persons, professors, students of theology and philosophy and lay-brothers; and besides being the headquarters of the mission it serves as a place of apprenticeship both for the scholastics in instructing the Kafir children, and for the young lay brothers in learning the various trades which they have afterwards to exercise and teach. In connection with the house are three flourishing schools, and a large, though unfenced and almost uncleared farm. Of the schools, one is conducted within the college precints, and numbers twenty-five boys under the charge of one of the scholastics, who not only personally instructs them in the rudiments of a literary education, but also superintends their training in the cultivation of gardens and the learning of useful trades. Another school, attended by twenty-four girls, is situated at about half a mile from the college, and is under the charge of two nuns, members of a religious congregation just started in the country. The third school has been built at a considerable distance from Dunbrody, on the other side of the Sunday River, where a scholastic teaches catechism three times a week. The farm at Dunbrody was bought chiefly with the idea of erecting a Catholic negro settlement upon it. Deserving families are encouraged to settle here and a number have already responded with the most praiseworthy results.—The novitiate of the mission is at Graaf-Reynet, South Africa, where Fr. Francis Daignault, the novice-master, rules a little community of two priests, one veteran coadjutor, four scholastic novices and two coadjutor novices. The college of St. Aidan, Grahamstown, has a community of twelve, eight of whom are scholastic tutors. Three thousand Kafirs live in a suburb of the town, specially set apart for them and called *the location*. Our fathers have erected a school amongst the Kafirs and another amongst the Hottentots, with

(1) We have since received the Congressional Record with full text of the discussion in the Senate, but we must reserve that for our next number.

a total attendance of ninety children. Instructions are given in Kafir and Dutch, but at present the neighborhood is too deeply prejudiced and immoral for us to expect much immediate fruit. The two other missions amongst the Kafirs are those of Stutterheim and Keilands. The last named is situated on the right bank of the river Kei, at the extreme limit of Cape Colony, amongst the Temboo-Kafirs, who had never met a Catholic priest before the arrival of Ours, one year ago. A farm has been bought here, and thirty families have been located upon it. Sixteen persons have already been baptised, and at least fifty assemble in the house every Sunday for Mass and instruction.—Two great roads lead into the interior, and along both of them our fathers have established missions. The first is the wagon-road which leads out from the colony through the Transvaal or Becuana-land, past the large native town of Shoshong, directly north to the Zambesi. This route is healthy but expensive, occupying about three months, and lying through regions uninhabited and so little provided with water that it can be used only during the few months following the commencement of the rain. The first footing along this route was obtained three years ago, when a farm was bought at Fleischfontein, near Zeerust, in the Marico district of the Transvaal. It is a good place for learning the Becuana language, into which Ours have already translated a hymn-book, a catechism and a history of the New Testament, but the Lutherans have preceded us and have so bitterly prejudiced the people against us that thus far but twenty persons have received baptism. Further inland, in the Amandebele country, under the government of the now famous Lo Bengula, the missionaries have established a residence at Gubuluwayo, with leave to open a school at Impendim, somewhat further south. Though full of hope, the fathers have been able to accomplish little, owing largely to the despotism of the warlike sovereign. His throne, however, seems to be threatened from without, and brighter times may be awaiting us in the near future.—The second great road is along the Zambesi River itself. The river is navigable from the coast for 250 miles to the Kebrabasa Rapids, above which small boats may be used almost to the Victoria Falls. This is an extremely unhealthy route, and has long been practically impossible, but it has the advantage of passing through thickly settled regions where the faith is held in esteem, and where, in many places, missionaries are earnestly asked for. The stations here, all of which lie in the Portuguese possessions, are at Quilimane, Sena, Tete and Boroma. Mopea, an intermediate station, had to be temporarily abandoned because of the sad way in which its successive pastors have fallen beneath its unhealthy climate. The same deadly enemy has foiled the best efforts to rebuild the church of the distant Zumbo; Father Gabriel, after incredible privations in trying to reach it, died almost within sight of it. At Quilimane, the College of the Holy Name of Jesus has been opened, and the community comprises three fathers, three scholastics and three lay-brothers. It is hoped that this college will prove the beginning of an important work. In the other stations, Ours are the official clergy of the Portuguese. At Boroma, some 250 miles inland, two fathers, after the most heroic endeavors, have opened an orphanage for native children, about twenty of whom have already been admitted to the sacraments. From all these stations, excursions are constantly being made on both sides of the river, and the harvest of souls now gathering and yet to be gathered, amply repays the most grievous privations.

Lower Zambesi Mission.—The greatest progress we have made recently, writes Rev. Stephen Czimermann from the station Boroma, consists in the fact that we found ourselves enabled to purchase several negro boys and open a school. The still existing slave trade brings to our doors many children offered for sale. A boy costs little: one piece, or at most two, of cheap calico, *algodão*, worth from $1.50 to $3.00, will buy him. Twenty-three have in this manner come into our possession. Emaciation and hunger are their inseparable companions. To this are added blows and other maltreatment depending on the humor of their owners. The price is small indeed but it is not possible for us to support a large number, especially this year when another famine threatens the natives. Two years ago, thousands fell victims to hunger. A late rain may help us, but it is not likely to occur. At present, the trees are bare and the fields burnt by the sun. Even should provisions be brought from lower Africa by traders, the blacks would not be helped: they have nothing to make purchases with.—At five o'clock all rise and go to morning prayers in the chapel. Their toilet is expeditious: a hip-cloth sufficing, just as it does for other negroes. On Sundays and festivals they wear, besides this cloth, which they call *guo*, a jacket made of blue linen; and three of the oldest wear

breeches made of the same material. Mass follows morning prayers. During Mass the rosary is said in the Kafir tongue. After Mass the little ones go to work: usually they undertake a general sweeping of yard and house with very small brooms called *chephe*. They sing lustily meanwhile in Kafir—text and melody an unvaried repetition. They need no breakfast; negroes as a rule eating but once or at most twice a day. At 8, school opens. Unless they fall asleep, they pay tolerable attention to catechism and to their lessons in reading and writing. Though the negroes show no taste for learning anything, they possess talents, three of our smallest mastering the alphabet in six months. Up to 13 years of age the boys are lively and quick, but then comes a crisis after which they are fit for nothing. It is almost impossible to get anything into the head of a grown negro, and if you do succeed in this he will astonish you with the readiness wherewith he forgets it. This evil is diminished by teaching families to pray in common. After class the boys have free time. The older ones make bows and arrows and try to fetch down small birds. The small ones open a chase after locusts. As soon as a *pombo*—a certain variety of locust—is caught, they run to the fire, to roast and eat the delicacy. At 12, the little blacks get their dinner. All the year round it is the same, meal-porridge, which the boys prepare for themselves by adding brown flour to boiling water and stirring the mixture briskly. Knives, forks, and spoons are needless, as the boys' fingers answer every purpose. At two, class begins for the afternoon. At six, the children take supper, the same in every respect as dinner. After night prayers they go to rest. They sleep on reed mattresses, called *m'pasa*, which would be a source of mortification rather than repose for a European. They need no beds, and lie around a fire which they keep up themselves. Two or three times a week, they take a plunge into the Zambesi, which is a real necessity for their health. We hope to train up good Christians and even zealous catechists, with the grace of God, out of our little blacks.

Home News.—We regret to have to announce that Fr. Verdin, our spiritual father, was compelled on account of ill health to leave us and return to the West. We are consoled, however, by the news that lately reached us of his improved condition. He is now spiritual father at St. Louis; and is replaced here by Fr. Piccirillo.

The *Autumn Disputations* took place November 29th and 30th; the *Winter Disputations*, Feb. 17th and 18th.

EX TRACTATU DE RELIGIONE.—The *Defender* was Fr. Kokenge; the *Objectors*, Frs. Brownrigg and Hill.

EX TRACTATU DE ECCLESIA.—The *Defender* was Mr. de la Morinière; *Objectors*, Messrs. O'Rourke and L. Kavanagh.

DE DEO UNO.—*Defenders*, Frs. Zwinge and Laure; *Objectors*, Frs. Fargis and Motte, and Messrs. J. L. Smith and Meuffels.

Frs. McAvoy and Van Rensselaer read dissertations on *Holy Scripture;* the former, *De Septuaginta Interpretum Versione*, the latter, *De Templo Hierosolymitano.*

EX ETHICA.—*Defender*, Mr. Boyle; *Objectors*, Messrs. Rittmeyer and Van der Pol.

EX PSYCHOLOGIA.—*Defender*, Mr. Casten; *Objectors*, Messrs. Jannin and O'Hara.

EX PSYCHOLOGIA SUPERIORI.—*Defender*, Mr. Kuhlman; *Objectors*, Messrs. Nicolet and Dawson.

EX COSMOLOGIA.—*Defenders*, Messrs. Kane and Hussey; *Objectors*, Messrs. Conners and Green, Connell and Léautier.

EX LOGICA.—*Defender*, Mr. Buel; *Objectors*, Messrs. Kenny and Gilbert.

Messrs. A. J. Connell, Raby and Hussey gave a specimen in Dynamics; Mr. Russell read a lecture on "The Haloid Salts of Silver and their Application to Photography," and Messrs. Hennemann and Lawton made the experiments.

Fr. Devitt has secured for our Library a copy of the "Relations des Jésuites," published with the aid of the Canadian government in 1858. Three vols. Quite rare.

It is reported that Rev. Fr. Provincial will return from Ireland in March.

Transfers in the Maryland New York Province.—Since the issue of the 1888 catalogue the following transfers have been made: Fr. J. Dealy, to Boston; Fr. Byrnes, to the missionary band; Fr. Verdin, to St. Louis; Fr. McGovern, to missionary work on the Islands attached to St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y.;

Fr. Goeding, to Georgetown College, D. C.; Fr. McGoldrick, to Loyola College, Baltimore; and Fr. Giraud to the parish at Woodstock.

Fr. Dewey, American Head Director of the *League of the Sacred Heart*, paid us a visit some time ago. During his stay he cleared up, both by an interesting address in the chapel and by means of private interviews, many doubts and misunderstandings about the *Apostleship of Prayer*. In his address he explained briefly the history of the *League*, its end and aim and its practical workings, proving by several edifying examples what a useful instrument it is in aiding the missionary, the pastor, and the teacher. We had intended giving a synopsis of his remarks, but, in the *Little Messenger* for March, we find a few words to the same purpose which we insert here.

The League, its end and aim.—THE Apostleship of Prayer is a League of zeal and prayers in union with the Sacred Heart. It is called *Apostleship*, because it has for its end to make true apostles of all Christians, by stirring up everywhere the ardent desire of God's glory and the salvation of souls. It is the *Apostleship of Prayer*, for prayer is the principal means it sets to work, a means all-powerful and one that remains within the reach of all, even when others are wanting. In some way it is a universal means including, besides prayer strictly so called, all works and all sufferings offered to the Sacred Heart with the aim of supplication. It is the *League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, because the Associates unite in a daily consecration to this Divine Heart—the source of zeal and the perfect model of prayer; even it is this consecration, or offering of the day for the intentions of the Heart of Jesus, that constitutes the first and the only essential of the excellent practices in use among the Associates.

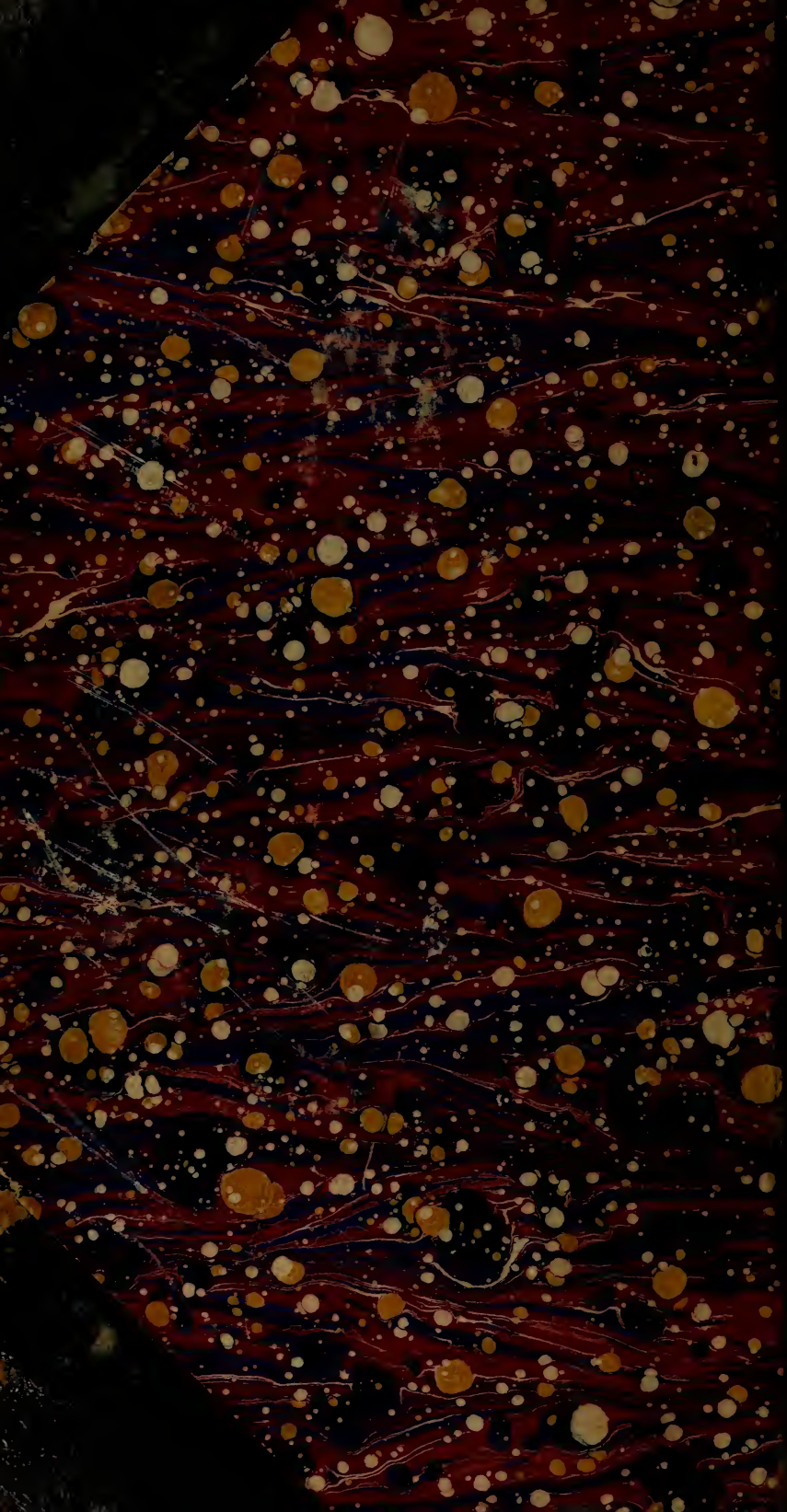
Finally, this work is neither a Confraternity nor a Sodality, but a *Holy League*, approved by two Decrees of the Holy See and by the majority of the bishops of the Catholic world, in whose ranks are already enlisted, under the banner of the Sacred Heart, more than 40,000 parishes, communities, or associations. Moreover, all others are invited to take part in it. Is not the zeal which this League of the Sacred Heart has for its aim to stir up, in reality the stimulus and the life of every Catholic society and work, and ought not the Divine Heart of Jesus become their bond and centre as it is their first principle and mainspring?

The first beginnings of this work go back to 1844, and it is in the diocese of Puy, France, near the celebrated sanctuary of the Immaculate Virgin, Mother of God, that it had its birth. But its prodigious development dates only from 1861—the year when the publication of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART began furnishing it with a periodical organ and brought out in relief its union with the devotion to this Divine Heart.

If we consider the ever increasing progress of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the simplicity and fruitfulness of its means, the plentiful blessings which the Divine Heart has been pleased to pour forth on the united efforts of its millions of Associates, we may well believe that this peaceful crusade is one of the principal institutions raised up by our Lord, to bring forth from the great devotion to the Sacred Heart all its fruits and to hasten the triumph of the Church

Further details can be found in the "*Handbook of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, called the Apostleship of Prayer, with prayers for the public and private use of Associates*," 160 pages, 32 mo., 10 cts. Address Rev. R. S. Dewey, S. J., The Gesû, Philadelphia, Pa.

The March number of the *Messenger* promises another increase of 32 pages, twice a year, consisting of an *Original American tale* complete in one number. A very important *Note of Warning* is sounded in this number concerning the *Certificate* of the League.

Fructus Ministerii in Provincia Missouriana, Anno 1887.

COLLEGIUM vel RESIDENTIA	*Bapt. infant.*	*Bapt. adult.*	*Confess. partic.*	*Confess. general.*	*Commun. in T.*	*Commun. extra T.*	*Matrim. bened.*	*Matrim. revalid.*	*Ultim. sacram.*	*Parati ad 1 Comm.*	*Parati ad Confirm.*	*Catecheses*	*Concion. et exhort.*	*Exercit. presbyt.*	*Exercit. relig.*	*Exercit. studios.*	*Exercit. privat.*	*Missiones*	*Noven. et trid.*	*Visit. hospit.*	*Visit. carcer.*	*Visit. infirm.*	*Sodalitates*	*Numerus sodal.*	*Pueri in schol. paroch.*	*Puell. in schol. paroch.*
COLL. S. LUDOVICI	262	128	114865	1150	114580	48879	86	19	195	384	344	724	836	2	20	4	1	9	22	8	4	437	19	2145	244	311
RESID. S. LUDOVICI AD S. JOSEPHI	316	26	41121	722	33258	.....	52	9	170	197	208	602	211	..	4	1	...	1	5	15	.....	632	6	1013	465	508
DOMUS PROBATIONIS S. STANISLAI	23	24	14787	140	1025	.....	45	...	29	14	.....	735	243	2	4	2	10	...	4	.....	.....	99	1	42	.....	.....
RESID. S. FERDINANDI	50	11	4580	20	7700	40	16	1	8	41	41	130	136	..	...	..	...	...	...	.....	.....	50	3	150	.....	.....
RESID. S. FERD. (ECCL. SS. CORDIS)	31	...	3470	15	3938	16	11	...	15	25	26	172	59	..	1	..	...	1	2	.....	.....	55	2	139	61	56
RESID. S. CAROLI	36	7	9960	.....	6470	8815	6	...	16	31	.....	101	109	..	2	..	...	...	...	6	.....	45	3	155	50	35
RESID. WASHINGTONIENS	90	2	8792	852	8942	905	20	1	53	84	300	498	215	..	4	..	...	1	8	.....	.....	88	8	545	184	210
RESID. AD S. ALOYSII	25	2	1800	.....	1100	.....	5	...	5	16	.....	75	55	..	...	..	...	...	...	.....	.....	.....	...	.....	.....	.....
RESID. AD S. ANNÆ	19	2	2000	.....	800	1400	8	...	8	12	20	50	60	..	...	..	...	...	...	.....	.....	20	...	.....	12	10
COLL. CHICAGIENS	1205	83	199572	5747	176585	30900	270	16	883	859	823	973	1078	2	9	2	9	12	82	12	1	3749	9	4701	1918	2523
RESID. CHICAGIENS	243	15	48910	.....	47892	940	78	2	36	189	188	187	221	1	14	2	1	5	4	6	.....	.....	4	1362	448	559
COLL. ET CONVICT. S MARIÆ	72	2	17723	.....	9359	1418	8	...	26	70	30	224	230	1	10	..	...	...	1	.....	.....	107	6	465	60	75
INSTITUTUM OSAGIAN	...	5	11398	.....	11450	.....	.....	...	.....	90	90	.....	.....	..	...	..	...	...	...	.....	.....	.....	7	454	120	130
COLL. DETROITENS	127	16	60388	866	65750	6125	32	4	68	84	.....	391	262	..	6	1	...	2	2	75	14	1142	6	671	147	137
COLL. OMAHENS	5	1	6480	255	2000	3500	.....	...	11	16	.....	80	208	1	5	3	2	2	3	24	30	10	2	74	.....	.....
RESID. OMAHENS	125	14	13689	.....	10821	.....	25	4	31	55	85	115	225	..	1	..	...	5	2	8	.....	200	4	405	100	170
MISSIONES NEBRASCENS	530	6	4462	1292	3700	.....	56	5	60	162	.....	415	957	..	...	..	...	16	6	4	.....	83	5	209	187	144
COLL. CINCINNATENS	517	84	124038	3096	96116	27366	96	15	618	470	470	656	655	1	11	4	...	12	9	674	125	2018	16	4021	610	730
COLL. MILWAUKIENS	132	16	24000	200	15600	15000	30	3	100	105	125	200	400	1	9	2	...	...	6	140	7	440	3	260	175	175
RESID. MILWAUKIENS	155	30	30206	333	30400	166	59	4	151	143	147	252	281	4	...	..	...	...	6	28	3	155	6	790	200	210
SUMMA	3963	474	742241	14688	647786	145470	908	83	2513	3047	2897	6580	6441	15	100	21	23	66	162	1000	184	9330	110	17581	4981	5983